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MARCELLA

RAGGEDY ANN STORY

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BY JOHNNY GRUELLE

Marcella Stories

To
Marcella
Mathews
and
Marcella
Ferguson

MARCELLA STORIES

WRITTEN and ILLUSTRATED by
JOHNNY GRUELLE

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THE TRAIN RIDE

ONE day, Marcella took Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Henny, the Dutch doll, Frederika and Uncle Clem out to the little playhouse in the orchard.

It was a very nice playhouse made out of a large dry-goods box and Daddy had cut little windows in the side.

Marcella had fixed the playhouse very cozily with an old rug on the floor and pieces of curtains at the windows. The window curtains had lovely flowers in them and made the dry-goods-box playhouse bright and cheery.

There was a pretty little table and chairs for the dolls to sit on and a larger chair for Marcella. There was a little cupboard with glass doors and upon the shelves Marcella kept a set of tiny china dishes. The dishes were very beautiful. They were white with pretty flowers painted on them.

Marcella also had a very fine little cook stove and tiny pots and pans and a little tea kettle. The little cook stove was filled with red crinkly paper and where the red paper showed through the cracks in the stove, it looked just like red fire. Of course, the little cook stove never really and truly had fire in it, for Marcella knew a fire in the little cook stove would burn off all the shiny black paint.

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Then too, it was just as much fun pretending to cook over the red crinkly paper fire as it would be to cook with real-for-sure fire. And, there was no danger of burning fingers.

Marcella often baked nice cakes and cookies in the little tin cook stove and sprinkled white flour over the tops of the cakes and cookies for icing. The cakes and cookies were made out of mud, but they were flavored with strawberry, chocolate, lemon and all different flavors, because it was easy to pretend whatever flavor Marcella wished.

So, Marcella carried all the dolls to the back porch where the "train" was waiting and after a great deal of bustle and hurry the dolls all had nice comfortable seats. At least, Marcella told them so.

The train was a toy wagon, but Marcella made it puff and whistle and even had the conductor call "all aboard" when the train was ready to leave.

The dolls knew that everything was "just pretend," but they enjoyed it as much as Marcella.

Marcella had thought of everything; even a basket of lunch and the tickets.

Raggedy Ann and Uncle Clem held the basket of lunch and it was quite heavy, but they did not mind. Their little black eyes peeped over the top of the basket and twinkled with happiness.

Marcella was the engine. She pulled the little wagon and tooted often. There were so many cows on the track!

The engine made a lot of noise as it pulled the train down the back walk towards the garden gate. It shuffled its feet along the walk and it let out steam and whistled and puffed and everything, just like an engine should, when it is pulling a train load of friends out to Gran'ma's house.

The dolls all knew they were on their way to Gran'ma's. Marcella had told them where they were going when she had washed their faces and dressed them for the trip.

And the dolls also knew that "Gran'ma's house" this time meant that they were going to the dry-goods-box play-house in the orchard.

At the garden gate, the conductor cried, "Whoa!" and the engine whistled "toot-toot."

"Everybody have his ticket ready!" the conductor said as he came back to the train.

Marcella was the conductor as well as the engine.

"Little girl," the conductor asked, "where are you going today?"

"I am going out to my gran'ma's!" Raggedy Ann replied in a high squeaky voice. Raggedy Ann had to chuckle

way down inside her soft cotton stuffed body when she heard Marcella speak for her. For really and truly, Raggedy Ann never talked in a high squeaky voice when she talked with the other dolls, but Marcella did not know this, so she made Raggedy Ann talk high and squeaky.

"Isn't it nice that you can go to see you gran'ma?" the conductor said; then he added, "Have you a ticket?"

"Yes sir!" Raggedy Ann replied. "This is my mama and she has tickets for all of us!"

So Marcella gave herself tickets for herself and all the dolls and then said to the conductor, "How long does the train stop at this town, Mister Conductor?"

"We stop here just ten minutes," the conductor replied, "and you will have time to take your children into that nice restaurant and have lunch while we fill the engine with coal!"

"Oh, goody!" Marcella cried for all the dolls.

Neither Raggedy Andy nor any of the dolls could see a restaurant nearby, but they knew there was a pretend restaurant there just the same.

Marcella helped all the dolls out of the train and placed them sitting up against the garden gate; then she ordered dinner at the restaurant.

"Let's see," she mused, as she pretended to read a menu, "I believe I will have a cream puff for each of the children and a dill pickle and some pan cakes and maple syrup and two poached eggs and buttered toast and a glass of milk!"

Then Marcella reached into the basket and got out six little round oyster crackers.

"Isn't it a lovely place to eat?" she asked all the dolls.

Marcella rubbed the crackers over the mouth of each doll before she ate the crackers herself.

When the last of the crackers were eaten, the whistle blew very loudly and the conductor cried, "Hurry up there, lady, if you wish to catch this train!" So Marcella placed

all the dolls in the wagon train again and shuffled her feet through the gate and "tooted" loudly as she pulled the train down the path to the dry-goods-box playhouse.

"Whee!" she cried when they reached there. "Here we are at Gran'ma's!"

Gran'ma was very glad to see them, you may be sure, for Marcella spoke for Gran'ma and told all the dolls so. And all the dolls told Gran'ma how pleased they were to come, too.

"You are just in time to help me bake pies and cakes and cookies!" Gran'ma said. "I received your letter this morning and I thought you would be on this train. I will send Gran'pa over to the store to get a pound of butter and a can of baking powder and everything. Now, Gran'pa, you hurry right back, won't you?"

Gran'pa promised that he would run all the way to the store and back. Then, when he had gone, Gran'ma told everyone just what to do.

"Henny," Gran'ma said, "you and Uncle Clem build the fire in the kitchen stove while Raggedy Ann and Andy help me with the pies and cakes and cookies. Frederika can go inside the house and play the piano!"

So Henny and Uncle Clem were carried into the house and leaned against the stove as if they were making a fire, while Frederika was placed in a chair with her hands upon the toy piano. She leaned over so that her forehead rested upon the top, and after Marcella had tried to make her sit up straight three times and Frederika still fell over, she was finally left in that position.

Then Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy helped make the pies and cakes and cookies. Marcella dug up the soft dirt and put it in a pan, then she had Raggedy Andy pour water into it. Then, while Raggedy Andy lay down to rest, Marcella took Raggedy Ann's hands and helped her stir up the mud for the pies and cakes and cookies.

Although Raggedy Ann used a large tablespoon to stir with and even though Marcella cautioned her to be careful, Raggedy Ann soon was covered with mud. The pies and cakes and cookies were "much too juicy" Gran'ma said, so Raggedy Andy had to get more dirt-flour.

Little pie pans and little tin cake pans and little cookie tins were used to mold the things and these were set upon the top of the stove to bake. "While everything is cooking we may as well have dinner!" Gran'ma said.

It did not take Marcella very long to set the table and put the dinner on.

Gran'ma rested while this was being done.

Gran'pa did not return for dinner. At least, the dolls did not hear him speak at any time. Maybe he forgot and stayed down at the grocery store for his dinner. Raggedy Ann wondered, but she was too polite to ask out loud.

Marcella passed the little plate of oyster crackers to all the dolls and each doll took one and put it on the plate.

Marcella took their hands and made them lift the food to their plates. It was lots of fun, but Marcella did not really know that the dolls could have helped themselves if they had wished.

The oyster crackers were eaten first and each doll told in a squeaky voice how nice the crackers were.

Next came a banana. Gran'ma peeled it and put it on one of the larger plates. Marcella had Uncle Clem cut it with a small knife.

"Uncle Clem will now carve the turkey!" Marcella said as she made Uncle Clem's hands wiggle the knife through the banana.

The turkey was carved into small slices and each doll was given a piece of white meat and a drum stick. Uncle Clem had to wiggle one of his shoe button eyes at Raggedy Andy when he had passed out the fifth drum stick.

And Raggedy Andy knew just what was running through Uncle Clem's cotton-stuffed head. "This is a funny turkey," Uncle Clem thought. "Whoever heard of a turkey with six or seven legs! Not me, I'm sure!" But Uncle Clem did not say anything.

Marcella ate all the pieces of turkey while the dolls and Gran'ma told how nice everything was.

"Now I have the nicest surprise of all," Gran'ma said when all the lunch had been eaten. Everyone asked what it was. Some asked in squeaky voices—these were the girl dolls—and some asked in gruff voices—these were the boy dolls.

Gran'ma gave them all three guesses, but no one could guess, because Marcella guessed for all the dolls and as she also pretended that she was Gran'ma, she did not wish them to guess. Raggedy Ann could have guessed as easy as pie if she had wanted to because she had played this way before and knew just what Marcella had for a surprise.

"It's a soda water fountain," Gran'ma said. "Aren't you s'prised?" Raggedy Ann and the others were not the least bit surprised but Marcella spoke for them and told Gran'ma how wonderful it was.

"It's a magic soda water fountain, too!" Marcella said for Gran'ma. "It gives you whatever flavor you wish."

Then she showed everyone a bottle of water with sugar in it.

Gran'ma wanted to know what flavor each of the dolls wished and, when they had told her, she shook the bottle and poured some of the sweetened water in each of the tiny china cups.

Marcella touched the cups to each doll's face and then drank the soda water, herself.

Only a little of the soda water spilled on the dolls, but what did tasted very good.

Gran'ma had to wash the mud from Raggedy Ann where the cake dough had splashed upon her. Raggedy Ann was placed out in the sunshine to dry. The little toy stove was also brought out in the sunshine. Mud pies and mud cookies bake much better on a stove out in the bright sunshine, even if the stove is very hot from a red crinkly paper fire inside.

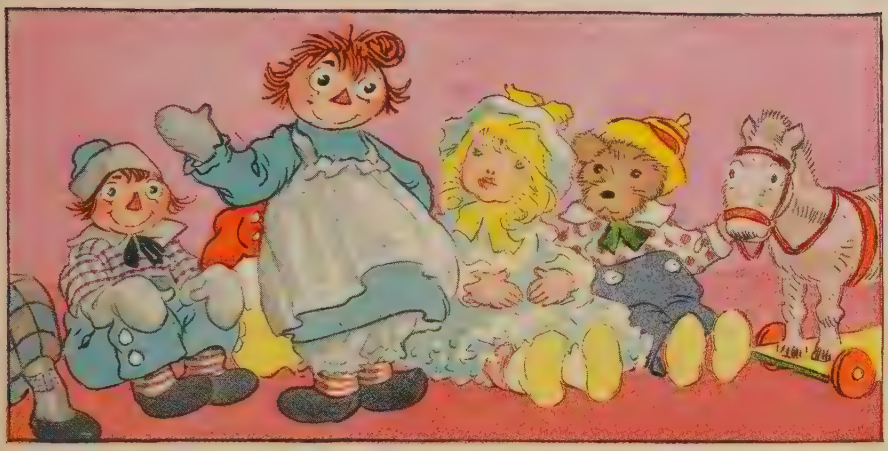
The visit at Gran'ma's lasted until Daddy came home, then all the dolls were bundled into the train after they had kissed Gran'ma good-bye, and they had a very pleasant journey back.

The way home was lots longer than the way to Gran'ma's for the engineer puffed and steamed and whistled 'way down into the garden, around the garage and twice around the house before the train reached the kitchen door.

Marcella wanted to have the train run right into the kitchen and she pulled it on to the back porch, but Dinah, the cook, had just scrubbed the kitchen floor that afternoon and she said, "Now, Missie, I ain't gonna have no muddy train runnin' aroun' in here trackin' up everything! You-all gotta carry them chillens inside! De depot can jes' as well be out dah on de porch steps!"

So, the train had to back down from the porch.

It was a very successful journey and the dolls talked of it until late in the night and hoped they would have many more such pleasant visits with "Gran'ma," even if Marcella did eat all the food.



THE PICNIC

"DO YOU know what?" Raggedy Ann asked as she smoothed out the wrinkles in her pretty white apron and stood before the other dolls in the nursery.

"Oh! Tell us, Raggedy Ann!" Beloved Belindy cried as she snuggled the two little china penny dolls in her lap. "Is it a nice secret?"

"Oh, no, Beloved Belindy!" Raggedy Ann replied as she wiggled a shoe button eye at Uncle Clem, the Scotch doll. "It is not a secret to be kept. 'Cause why? If it was really and truly a secret, then I would not tell!"

"'Course not, Raggedy Ann!" Raggedy Andy said. "We know it is wrong to tell a secret, but do tell us what surprise you have!"

All the dollies gathered close to dear old Raggedy Ann and could hardly be still, they were so anxious to hear what Raggedy Ann had to tell.

There was Beloved Belindy, a nice soft cuddly "mammy doll" with lovely shiny pearl-button eyes and a wide smiling mouth. There was Raggedy Andy, of course, with his cheery grin painted on, and his soft loppy legs.

There were Frederika and Henny, both Dutch dolls, who, while very new, when they were tilted forward and back would cry, "Mama" in clear sweet voices. Frederika's "voice" had been broken, so that she could not say "Mama." She just made a tiny, quavery squeak when she was tipped. But Henny's voice was still as good as new.

There was Uncle Clem, with a nice brown yarn mustache; Cleety, the clown, made of wood with rubber joints in his arms and legs; Susan, the doll without a head; the French doll, a lovely creature with yellow curls; Rosa and Sarah, two pretty dolls with china heads.

Then, there was the little Brown Bear, Sunny Bunny, Eddie Elephant, Johnny Mouse and all the other animals from the toy box in the corner.

"Hurry! Hurry, Raggedy Ann!" they all cried as they crowded around. "Tell us what it is!"

"We are all going on a picnic!" Raggedy Ann said. "A real-for-sure picnic! When I was down in the kitchen this evening with Marcella, her mama was making the nicest cookies and getting everything ready for an early start tomorrow morning. And," continued Raggedy Ann as she held up her rag hand for all the dollies to remain quiet, "Marcella asked her mama if she could take all of us with her!"

"All of us?" Henny, the Dutch doll, asked. "Even Eddie Elephant and the Little Brown Bear and everyone?"

"Of course, Henny," Raggedy Ann replied with a soft chuckle way down in her cotton stuffed body, "of course!"

"I don't see why she should wish to take them!" Henny growled, meaning Eddie Elephant and Sunny Bunny and the other Raggedy Animals.

"Why, Henny!" Frederika said. "I'm s'prised at you! The Raggedy Animals enjoy going with Marcella just as much as any of us do!"

"But they are not dolls!" Henny said. "They are just

animals—almost like the wooden horses and the moo-cow and the tin things in the toy box."

All this time, Eddie Elephant and Sunny Bunny and the Little Brown Bear and Johnny Mouse had remained silent, but when Henny said this, Eddie Elephant said, "I s'pect Henny is right. We are just Raggedy Animals and not as nice as you dolls, so we had better stay at home with the toys in the toy box!"

Raggedy Ann took her little pocket hanky and wiped Eddie Elephant's shoe-button eyes and, as she looked around at the Little Brown Bear and Sunny Bunny and Johnny Mouse, standing so quietly and not saying a word in reply to Henny's rudeness, she almost had to stamp her rag foot.

"No sir!" Raggedy Ann cried. "Marcella will wish to take everyone and besides, Mister Henny, the Raggedy Animals are just as good as any of us dolls. We are all made of cloth and stuffed, either with sawdust or cotton, and if some of us have animal heads, that makes no difference.

"Santa Claus made most of us and we all can enjoy pleasures the same as any real-for-sure live person. It is not nice for you to wish to go and not care to have these dear Raggedy Animals go and share all our pleasures."

Then turning to Uncle Clem, Raggedy Ann asked, "Don't you think so, Uncle Clem?"

"Indeed, I do think the Raggedy Animals should go! And, I should be very much ashamed of myself if I were Henny," Uncle Clem replied.

Henny jumped to his feet so suddenly it made his quavery, squeaky voice cry, "Mama," and walked away from all the dolls.

Not a word was said until Henny, shuffling his feet, went over and sat down behind the toy box in the corner.

Then Uncle Clem said, "I do not know why Henny is so rude."

"Henny is selfish!" Raggedy Andy said. "I could hardly

keep from giving him a thump with my rag hand."

Just then there were heavy steps on the stairway, so all the dolls who were standing up, sat down and, of course, every one of them was very, very quiet.

The footsteps were Daddy's, and he came right into the nursery, gathered all the dolls into a bundle and carried them downstairs.

Daddy was getting everything ready for the picnic in the morning, so he carried all the dolls out to the garage and piled them on the rear seat of the car. "Now," he said, with a chuckle, "you dolls are all ready to start in the morning, so you had better get a good night's sleep!"

Then with a laugh to himself, Daddy closed the car door and the dolls could hear his steps as he returned to the house.

"Well!" Uncle Clem laughed in his sawdusty way. "Here we all are, ready to start on the picnic tomorrow. Now we must all try to be ever and ever so nice when Marcella takes us places, because that makes it so much easier for her to take care of us!"

"We always try to be nice, Uncle Clem," Frederika laughed. "You know we just pretend that we cannot walk, or talk, or do anything."

"I know it!" Uncle Clem laughed again in reply. "But sometimes, you know, Henny forgets that grown people do not know that dolls can walk and talk and do everything and he wiggles and falls off his chair!"

"Right in front of everybody!" Raggedy Andy added.

"I do hope Henny behaves himself tomorrow." Raggedy Ann said.

"I guess he will," Raggedy Andy laughed. "'Cause why? 'Cause he was left behind, up in the nursery, pouting behind the toy box."

"It serves him right, too!" the French doll said. "When

one is selfish, one always loses a lot of nice things."

Now Sunny Bunny and the Little Brown Bear and Eddie Elephant and Johnny Mouse were very quiet. They were sitting on the back seat thinking just as hard as a cotton-stuffed animal can think, and they were all sorry that Henny had been rude to them. "For," thought Eddie Elephant, who was really a very kind little creature, "if Henny had not grown peevish at us, he would not have hidden behind the toy box, and, if he had not been in hiding, Daddy would have picked him up with the rest of the dolls!"

And Sunny Bunny and the Little Brown Bear and Johnny Mouse were thinking just about the same thing, so, when all the other dolls had settled down for the night, Eddie Elephant nudged Sunny Bunny and Sunny Bunny nudged the Little Brown Bear and the Little Brown Bear nudged Johnny Mouse. Then, very cautiously, they opened the door of the car, climbed to the window sill, and jumped to the ground.

As they ran across the yard, the puppydog saw them and started to bark, thinking at first it must be a lot of cats.

But when they came up close, he saw that it was his old friends the Raggedy Animals. "You had better stay in the car where Daddy put you," Hairy Puppydog said. "We are starting on the picnic early in the morning and if any of you are missing from the car, we shall surely leave without you!"

"That is just why we are not in the car, Hairy," Eddie Elephant said. "When Daddy carried us out to the car, he forgot to bring Henny, so we are going to bring Henny, ourselves!"

"How can you ever climb up to the nursery window, though? Just answer me that!" the puppydog chuckled. "Besides, Henny is such a selfish doll I am sure everyone will have a better time if he is left at home!"

Then Eddie Elephant explained to the puppydog just

why Henny was up in the nursery behind the toy box.

"So you see," Eddie Elephant explained, "we wish Henny to go on the picnic, even if Henny did not wish *us* to go!"

"I see," the Hairy Puppydog said, scratching his ear with his hind foot. "And because you wish to be nice to Henny even after he has been rude to you, I will help you. Just run around and sit under the bushes beneath the nursery window, and wait. I'll bark to get in the house and then I'll help you!"

So Eddie Elephant, Sunny Bunny, Johnny Mouse and the Little Brown Bear ran around the house and hid beneath the nursery window.

The puppydog barked and scratched upon the screen door until he was let in the house. Then he ran upstairs to the nursery and picked up Henny by the back of his coat. "You really do not deserve this!" he growled as he carried Henny to the window.

Henny cried, "Mama," in his thin quavery voice as he turned over and over in the air, and when he hit the ground with a hard *thump*, he gave a loud squeak.

The Raggedy Animals picked up Henny and ran with him to the garage and lifted him into the car; then they all settled down and in a few moments were as fast asleep as any of the dolls.

Bright and early in the morning Daddy brought out the lunch baskets and placed everything in the back of the car and when Marcella and Mama came out there was nothing to do but climb into the car and start on the picnic.

As they rolled through the lovely country with the birds singing along the roadside, Marcella sat upon the back seat with all the dolls beside her—all except Eddie Elephant, Sunny Bunny, the Little Brown Bear and Johnny Mouse. These she held upon her lap.

"I'm so glad you thought to bring the Raggedy Animals, Daddy!" Marcella said after a while. "They stay at home

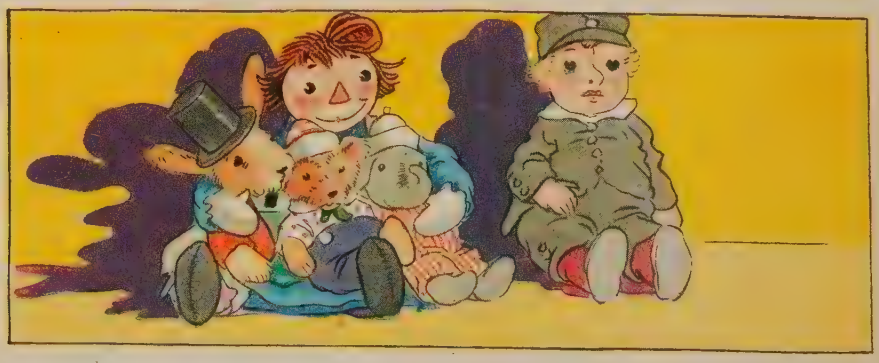
so much, they must enjoy being out in the country on a lovely picnic like this!"

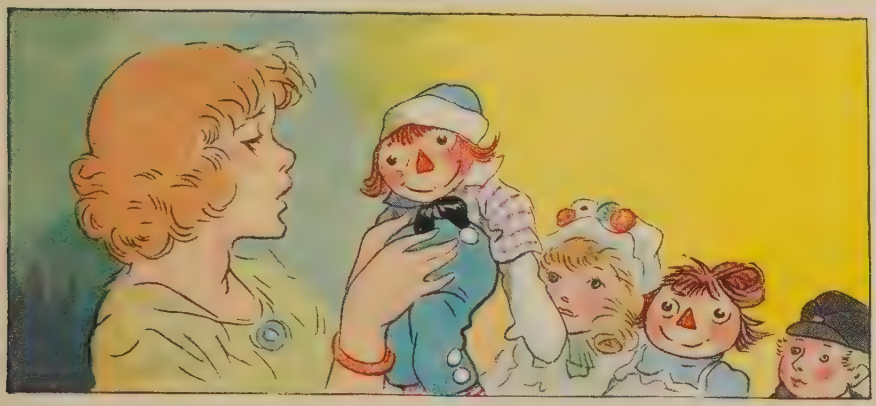
And Raggedy Ann winked her shoe-button eyes at Henny as if to say, "There, Henny! Don't you see? Real-for-sure people know it is lots more fun when we share our pleasures with others!"

And Henny just stared straight before him with his little pale blue eyes and never so much as wiggled one of his moth-eaten fingers. He realized how sad he had been when he was left alone sitting behind the toy box in the nursery. And he felt ashamed to think he could ever have been ill-mannered and rude to the little kindly Raggedy Animals who had rescued him from a very lonesome day.

He made up his mind that, hereafter, he would love the Raggedy Animals just as he really and truly loved all the dolls.

"For," Henny thought, "after all, dolls, or animal dolls we are all the same, and beneath our little rag bodies, Santa Claus has filled us all with the same magic medicine!" And although Henny felt very happy in his thoughts, he never wiggled, or twisted, or fidgeted once.





MOVING DAY

"OH, CHILDREN!" Marcella cried, one day, as she came running into the nursery where all the dolls were sitting, "we are going to move, so you must all help me get ready. We must put all the doll clothes in the little trunk and pack everything nice and neat so nothing will get lost."

The dolls thought this would be great fun and they would have enjoyed jumping right up and helping, but Marcella did not know that dolls can run around and talk and do all sorts of things.

But, dear me, how the thoughts flew through their little heads and how they wished that Marcella really knew they were alive instead of just pretend. "Why!" thought Raggedy Ann, "wouldn't she be s'prised, if I should suddenly jump up and start packing our clothes in the little toy trunk?"

Marcella would have been surprised. Sometimes she did think that the dolls had moved around in the night after she had gone to bed. And, indeed, that is just what they always did. For everyone likes to have fun, even dolls and they never lose an opportunity. But now it was diff-ent. The dolls all sat very still—even Henny, the Dutch doll, and he was quite a wiggler.

Marcella packed the dolls' clothes away and rolled the doll bed-clothes into long bundles and put all the toy animals and the trains of cars and other toys in the toy box.

Uncle Clem wondered just where they were going, but he was too polite to ask questions. But Marcella must have guessed that the dolls would wish to know, so she told them. "The moving men are coming at ten o'clock this morning to take all the furniture and everything, and we are moving down to the seashore. Isn't that lovely?"

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy had been taken down to the shore house while it was being built, and they knew just how nice it was to play in the sand with the waves coming in, *splash! splash!* and rolling the round pebbles up and down the beach.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy had told the dolls just how nice it was and, of course, all the dolls were very happy that the Raggedys had enjoyed it so much. For, as you surely must know, it is a pleasure for any of us to know that our friends have had a good time and dolls feel the same way about happiness.

While Marcella was packing her toys and other things away, the dolls could hear the moving men tramping around downstairs. There were many things to move first before they were ready for the playthings in the nursery.

Marcella said to Raggedy Ann, "Now, Raggedy Ann, I must run downstairs and see that the moving men get everything packed into the truck, so you must stay up here and take care of the rest of the family while I am away."

Raggedy Ann had to chuckle softly, 'way down inside her cotton stuffed body when Marcella said this, for dear old Raggedy Ann knew very well that Marcella just wanted to watch the moving men carry the furniture out of the house.

When Marcella had run downstairs, Henny said, "Maybe Marcella will take us in the automobile when her mama takes her down to the shore house! That would be much

nicer than being packed away in a trunk and riding in a jouncy old moving van!"

"Dear me, Henny! You must be more patient!" Cleety, the clown, said. "We wouldn't be packed away in a trunk more than an hour or so!"

"And what is an hour or so to us, anyway?" Uncle Clem wanted to know. "Why, just think of Raggedy Ann. She was packed away in a trunk up in Gran'ma's attic for almost fifty years and no one ever heard her complain!"

"It really wasn't so lonesome!" Raggedy Ann laughingly replied. "I always had pleasant things to think of, and, when we think of pleasant things, there is no time to become lonesome or blue!"

"Shhh!" Beloved Belindy whispered, "the moving men are coming upstairs!" One of the moving men put his head in at the nursery door and laughed when he saw the row of dolls all sitting up against the wall where Marcella had placed them.

"Look here, Bill!" he called to another moving man. "How's that for a happy family?"

Bill put his head in the doorway and laughed. "Funny looking!" he said.

The dolls could hear the men moving around in the bedrooms, taking the beds apart and taking the mirrors from the dressing tables. They could hear the men puff as they lifted the heavy things and carried them downstairs.

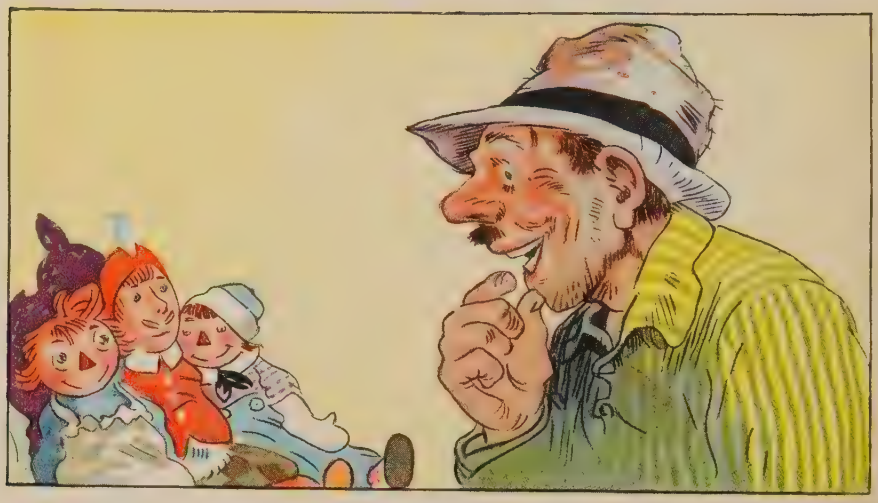
"We ought to put something in between these two mirrors, Bill!" one of the men said. "They may jostle around in the truck and break!"

"What will you use, Charlie?" Bill asked.

"I'll look in here!" Charlie said as he again poked his head in at the nursery door.

He looked all about, then walked over to the dolls and picked up Henny, the Dutch doll.

"Oh dear!" Henny thought, "he's going to make me ride in the old truck!"



But Charlie threw Henny down when he felt that Henny was stuffed with sawdust and was very hard. Henny cried, "Mama!" in his squeaky, quavery voice as he turned over.

Then Charlie, the moving man, felt the other dolls and finally picked up Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy. These three dolls were stuffed with nice soft white cotton and they were like three little pillows.

Charlie carried the three dolls into the other room. "How will these do, Bill?" he asked.

"Just the thing, Charlie my boy!" Bill laughed.

Charlie placed Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy in between the two large mirrors and carried them downstairs and out to the truck. The mirrors were placed on top of a stack of furniture. After a few more things were packed in the truck and tied at the back, the motor was started and three of the dolls were on their way to the new shore house.

The mirrors were quite heavy and, as the moving van jounced and rattled along, the top mirror bounced up and down and pressed the three dolls flatter and flatter with each jounce.

"Isn't it fun?" Raggedy Ann said to Beloved Belindy.

"Yeh-yeh-yessss!" Beloved Belindy chuckled in reply. "B-bbbut i-i-its har-har-hard to-to-to talk with so-so-so much jol-jol-jolting!"

At each jolt Beloved Belindy felt herself spread out, for you know Beloved Belindy was a nice mammy doll and was soft and fat.

"I'm as flat as a pancake, I guess!" Raggedy Andy giggled.

Then the truck gave a great lurch and the top mirror bounced high in the air. When it came down again, it seemed to press Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy flatter than ever. "Oooof!" Raggedy Andy laughed, "How did you like that bounce, Beloved Belindy?"

Beloved Belindy did not reply, for, when the mirror had bounced away from her, she had slid out from under it and had fallen head first down into the thin partition at the side of the truck.

"I guess Beloved Belindy has gone!" Raggedy Ann said.

"She was so nice and fat! She kept the top mirror from pressing so hard against us!" Raggedy Andy said. "But of course it does not hurt us to be pressed flat!"

"Not even a teeny-weeny bit!" Raggedy Ann agreed.

And so, they jounced and rattled along; and, at each jounce and bump, Beloved Belindy slid farther down towards the bottom of the truck.

And, when the shore house was reached and the mirrors were carried upstairs by another moving man, he was surprised to find Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy mashed between the mirrors, but he did not know that Beloved Belindy had also been placed between them.

He gave Raggedy Ann and Andy a few pats and punches to round them out and put them over in a corner of the room so they would not be stepped on.

Marcella cried when she heard the dolls had been packed between the two mirrors and Charlie promised to find Beloved Belindy for her. "I'm sure Beloved Belindy wasn't lost along the road," he told Marcella, "but I'll look for her."

Charlie, the moving man, looked carefully along each side of the road, but he did not find Beloved Belindy.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy were very sorry for Marcella, for she dearly loved Beloved Belindy.

"I 'spect Beloved Belindy is lost for good!" Henny squeaked. "I'm very glad I was not packed in between the two mirrors. The rest of us dolls rode in the automobile with Marcella and her nice mama!"

"I think it was nice to be packed in between the mirrors!" Uncle Clem said. "Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy saved the mirrors from being broken and the rest of us dolls didn't help even a smidgin!"

Beloved Belindy was lost for two weeks.

All that time she was standing upon her head, down between the partition at the side of the moving van.

She might have stayed there for years and years and helped lots of people move if it had not been for another hard jolt the truck got one day. This time a small picture

slid down into the partitions. So, when everything was out of the truck, Charlie got a screw driver and took the bottom board out; and there was Beloved Belindy, upside down!

"Well, Beloved Belindy!" Charlie laughed. "Here is where you have been hiding all this time. My! You should be ashamed to stay away from Marcella so long!"

Beloved Belindy, of course, did not reply to Charlie, for she knew it would surprise him too much. So Charlie pulled Beloved Belindy out of the partition; and then he had to laugh, for, hanging to Beloved Belindy's hand, just as if she had caught hold of it, was a funny little wooden doll.

The wooden doll's arms and legs were fastened together with wire, and one piece of wire, sticking out of the wooden doll's arm, had caught in the cloth hand of Belindy.

Charlie took Beloved Belindy to Marcella as soon as he quit work that evening, for he knew how much Beloved Belindy had been missed.

"And here is another doll Beloved Belindy rescued from between the partition," Charlie laughed as he handed the two dolls to Marcella.

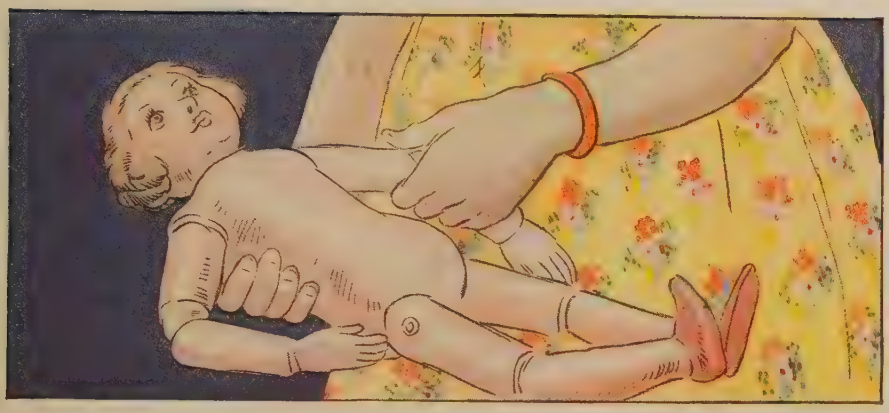
"Maybe the little wooden doll belongs to some little girl!" Marcella said.

"Maybe she does, Marcella!" Charlie replied. "But until we find out who she really belongs to, you had better keep her. You see, anyway," Charlie added with a sly wink at Uncle Clem, "Beloved Belindy really found the wooden doll so now she must take care of it!"

So the strange wooden doll joined the rest of the dolls in the nursery and all were glad that Beloved Belindy had been lost. For, by being lost, she had found a new friend.

And as Raggedy Ann said, when the dolls all talked it over that night, "Every time we make a new friend, it is just like planting another flower in a beautiful garden filled with the flowers of friendship."

Jimmy Gruelle



SQUEAKIE

MARCELLA named her Squeakie because she was made of wood with wooden arms and legs joined to her body by wire, and when Marcella twisted one of the wooden arms, or legs, the doll squeaked.

Squeakie did not have a "Mama" whistle inside her body, as Frederika and Henny had; Squeakie was solid wood and there was no place inside her wooden body for a "Mama" whistle. Because her arms and legs were fastened so tightly to her body when the arms, or legs were twisted, they squeaked.

Beloved Belindy had found Squeakie down inside the partition of the moving van and, as Squeakie had been down there a long time, her clothes were mussed and soiled.

So Marcella undressed Squeakie and put her to bed while her clothes were being washed.

Squeakie's face was painted, and at one time must have been quite lovely, but as she had fallen, head first, down inside the partition in the moving van and had bounced and jolted around against the wooden floor, she had nicked all the paint from her face.

Marcella took Squeakie's clothes downstairs and washed them.

And, as there was no real-for-sure person in the nursery after Marcella left, the dolls could do just as they pleased.

Beloved Belindy tucked the bed clothes around Squeakie so she would not get cold.

Of course, Squeakie would not have been cold even if she had not been in bed, all tucked in, for it was summer time and quite warm. Then, too, dolls do not feel cold like real-for-sure people. But, when a doll has been put to bed by her mistress so she will not catch cold, of course, the other dolls pretend the same way. And that is why Beloved Belindy tucked Squeakie into the little doll bed.

"We are so glad that Beloved Belindy found you in the moving van, Squeakie," Raggedy Ann said as she smoothed Squeakie's wooden head with her soft rag hand, "for I am sure you will have lots of fun living here with us!"

"Oh, I am sure of that!" Squeakie replied in a little wooden voice. "And I am sure that I shall love you all!"

"We hope so!" Uncle Clem said. Uncle Clem was a gentlemanly doll with a very fine brown yarn mustache. "We all love each other," Uncle Clem continued. "It wouldn't be half so much fun if we didn't!"

"Were you lost for a very long time, Squeakie?" Raggedy Andy asked.

"A very long time!" Squeaky replied. "I do not know how long I was down in the partition of the moving van before Beloved Belindy came sliding down to visit me!"

All the dolls laughed at this, for they knew that Beloved Belindy had not slid down to visit Squeakie. Beloved Belindy had fallen down and it was all an accident. But for Squeakie, it was a happy accident, for she now had all the dolls as her friends.

"I am glad Beloved Belindy caught hold of the wire in my arm, Squeakie laughed; "for if she had not, I suppose I would still be in the moving van, riding around from one house to another helping people move!"

Cleety, the clown, liked Squeakie, the minute he first saw her, for she and he were both made of wood—the same kind of wood, too, and that made them seem as if they had known each other for a long, long time.

"Perhaps we were made out of the same piece of wood!" Cleety thought to himself. But out loud he said, "Did you belong to someone?"

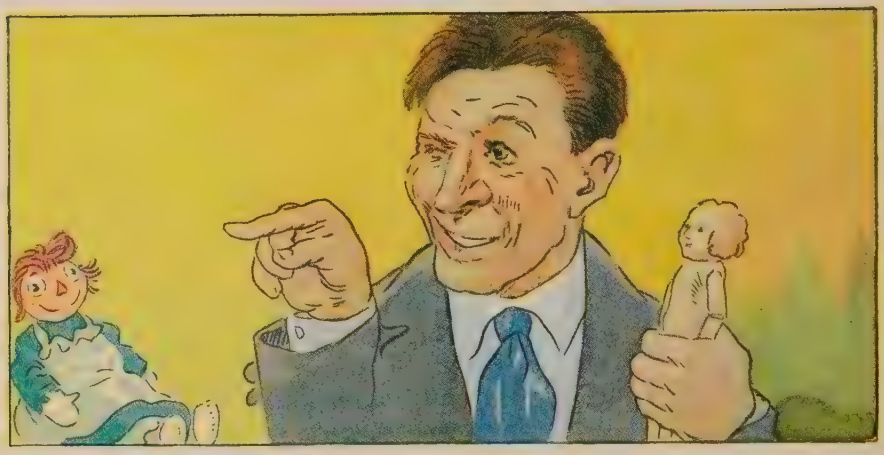
"Oh yes, Cleety," Squeakie replied. "Everyone belongs to someone at some time you know. That's one of the happy things of being a doll. And I belonged to a nice little girl after Santa Claus left me there, one Christmas night. She was a little German girl and it was hard for me to understand the American talk when she moved from Germany to the United States. Of course, you know, I could understand doll talk easily enough, but when my little mistress played with American children at first, I wondered sometimes what they were talking about. I soon learned, though.

"I belonged to the little girl until she grew up to be a fine lady. She never played with me as Marcella plays with you after she grew up to be a lady, but she kept me upon her dresser so that I could see her every day.

"Then, one day, the moving men came to take all the furniture away. I heard my mistress say the things were to be stored in a storage warehouse. But, on the way there, I slid out of a box and fell down inside the partition of the moving van. And I bounced around and bounced around until Beloved Belindy rescued me!"

Just then there was a heavy step upon the stairs and Daddy walked into the nursery.

He looked around and then, seeing Squeakie with just her head sticking out of the covers in the little bed, he said, "I was looking for you, Squeakie. My! You must be nearly roasted, stuffed away in all those covers!" And Daddy chuckled to himself as he picked up Squeakie and



carried her out of the room. As he reached the door, he turned and winked at Raggedy Ann. "This is to be a surprise for Marcella, Raggedy Ann. You won't tell her where Squeakie has gone, will you?"

Of course, Raggedy Ann just sat still and smiled her cheery, painted smile, and never answered out loud. Way down, inside her cotton stuffed head, she thought, though—nice cheery thoughts. For when you are let into a nice secret, it's always lots of fun even if it is hard work to keep from telling.

"A secret is just like a basket filled with water," Raggedy Ann thought. "It's very hard to keep from spilling!" But she made up her mind not to tell on Daddy.

It just happened that Marcella had so many pleasant things to do that day, she did not come up to the nursery again. So, when she had gone to bed, Daddy came into the nursery and put Squeakie into bed and covered her up. Then he tiptoed out of the room.

When the house was quiet and all the real-for-sure folks were sound asleep, the dolls began to stir about.

They were all anxious to ask Squeakie what the secret was that Daddy did not wish Marcella to know.

It was quite dark in the nursery, but that does not make

any difference to dolls. They, having sharp little eyes, are able to see in the dark as well as in the light. So they came crowding around Squeakie's bed.

"My! Squeakie! How lovely you are!" Beloved Belindy cried, as she looked at the little wooden doll.

"Daddy's painted her all pretty and new!" Raggedy Andy cried.

"Isn't her face lovely and shiny?" Raggedy Ann laughed happily.

"The paint is so shiny it still looks wet!" Henny said as he started to put his finger on Squeakie's new painted face, just as most boys do when they see fresh paint.

Uncle Clem caught Henny's arm. "Don't touch Squeaky!" Uncle Clem cried. "If the paint isn't dry, you will spoil Daddy's secret by smearing her pretty red cheeks into her eyes and her eyebrows around over her cheeks."

Squeakie laughed a soft, squeakie, wooden laugh. "The paint is perfectly dry, Uncle Clem," she said. "Daddy painted me all over and hung me above the fireplace all day. In two hours I was nice and dry."

"How does your new face feel, Squeakie?"

"Oh! It feels just as smooth as velvet, and do you know, Raggedy Ann, with the new eyes Daddy painted on me, I can see as fine as can be? I'll bet I could almost see a fairy if there were any!"

"I just guess you could, Miss Squeakie," Uncle Clem laughed. "The Raggedys have seen fairies, many times, and if they can see them, you can, too!"

Squeakie thought that she had been in bed long enough, so she threw back the covers and sat up. Then the dolls could see that Daddy had painted her wooden arms and legs a lovely pink.

"I 'spect we had better put one of Rosa's dresses on you, Squeakie," Raggedy Ann said. "You may catch cold!"

All the dolls laughed again at this, for they knew Squeakie would not really catch cold.

"Marcella must have hung Squeakie's clothes up to dry somewhere!" Uncle Clem said. "Raggedy Andy and I will run downstairs and find them!"

So Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem ran softly downstairs and found that after Marcella had washed Squeakie's clothes, and they had dried, Mama had ironed them and placed them over a chair.

Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy hurried upstairs with Squeakie's clothes, and in a few minutes Squeakie looked as new as if Santa Claus had just brought her. Marcella did not know of the secret until the next morning. She was so pleased when she saw the new Squeakie she caught up the little wooden doll and hugged her until every one of Squeakie's arms and legs squeaked as if a little teeny, bitsy mousie were squeaking with happiness.

And all the dolls knew that Squeakie really was squeaking for happiness, because it always fills us with happiness when we know we are truly loved by one we dearly love.

MARCELLA put all the dolls to bed and covered them up for the night.

"Now, Beloved Belindy," Marcella said, "you are the mammy doll, so if any of the children need anything in the night, you must hop out of bed and take care of them. Will you do that for me?"

"Oh yes, indeedy!" Beloved Belindy replied. Marcella spoke for Beloved Belindy. She did not know that Beloved Belindy almost forgot herself and spoke out loud. But Beloved Belindy kept very still.

"That's a nice mammy doll!" Marcella said as she gave Beloved Belindy a final pat. "Now you are all settled for the night! Remember, Beloved Belindy, that Uncle Clem has the epizoodix and must have his medicine every hour, and do not let Squeakie get out of bed. I've wrapped her throat with an old stocking so she won't have a sore throat in the morning."

Squeakie, of course, did not have a sore throat, but Marcella in undressing Squeakie had twisted Squeakie's head. This always made her neck squeak, so Marcella had said, "Oh dear, the child is getting a sore throat!"

Now Marcella ran off to bed and the dolls were left in the nursery by themselves.

Hairy, the puppydog, came up to see them just before he was put outside for the night.

Lots of times the dolls, after tea-parties and dinners, had sweetened water and cookie crumbs around their mouths and Hairy Puppydog always came to see them, the last thing at night, if he wasn't too busy outside barking at the moon and chasing cats. And Hairy Puppydog would wash their faces nice and clean.

But tonight Hairy Puppydog did not have this to do, for Marcella had given all the dolls a "bath" before putting them to bed.

"Dear me!" Hairy Puppydog said, as he sniffed at all the dolls' faces, "haven't you had any dinners, or tea-parties today?"

"Marcella washed us, nice and clean, Hairy Puppydog," Raggedy Ann laughed, "so you have nothing to do now except run out and bark at the moon!"

"If you dolls want to have some fun," Hairy Puppydog whispered, but loud enough so that all could hear, "just come out on the beach tonight. It's nice and warm and the moon is shining bright and everything!"

"That would be lots of fun, Hairy Puppydog!" Raggedy Ann laughed.

"I'll be around the house somewhere!"

Hairy Puppydog trotted out of the room. He went in and said, "Good night," to Marcella by putting his cold nose against her little hand. But, as Marcella was fast asleep, Hairy Puppydog did not awaken her. The dolls heard him trot downstairs and scratch at the back door.

Then, when the door opened and closed, Hairy Puppydog rushed outside with a great bustle and barked at the back of the house, at the sides of the house, and out at the beach.

Raggedy Ann jumped from bed and ran to the window. She could see Hairy Puppydog standing on the stone wall, barking out across the water. And there wasn't a thing for him to become excited over, nor anything to bark at.

Raggedy Ann had to laugh, for she knew Hairy Puppydog just wanted to pretend that he was taking good care of the premises.

"It takes Daddy a long time to finish the paper and get to bed!" Henny, the Dutch doll growled. "Why doesn't he go to bed at an early time?"

"Dear me, Henny!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed. "To hear you talk one would think the night was only to be fifteen minutes long. Daddy will go to bed soon, and we will have time for lots of fun!"

Raggedy Ann was quite right, for in a few minutes Daddy folded his paper and said, "Awyee-ah! I guess I'll go to bed!" and the dolls could hear him getting ready.

When the house was quiet, Raggedy Ann gave the signal, and the dolls kicked off their covers and hopped out of bed.

As it was summertime, all the doors and windows were open, so it was easy for Uncle Clem to boost Raggedy Andy up to the hook on the screen door. The dolls had been very quiet going downstairs for they did not wish to disturb anyone. Raggedy Ann and Beloved Belindy had carried Squeakie, for Squeakie, being made of wood, might have rattled her wooden arms and legs against the stairs. Raggedy Andy carried Cleety, the clown, for Cleety was made of wood, too. Cleety would much rather have run to the top of the stairs and given a great jump. But he knew he would turn head-over-heels, *rattly-bang*, and that would make a great clatter.

So when all the dolls were down at the screen door, Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy opened the door carefully and held it open for the dolls to pass outside.

It was a lovely night and the dolls ran around the house to the stone wall at the beach.

"I thought you never would come!" Hairy Puppydog said as he wiggled his stumpy tail. "But I know why, of course! I have been barking to frighten away any cats who might be in the neighborhood. Cats are not much good except to chase!" Hairy Puppydog explained.

The light of the moon made a long silvery path in the water and Raggedy Ann said it looked "just like a long silver bridge reaching across to Fairyland!"

Hairy Puppydog jumped from the stone wall down to the beach and the dolls all followed.

There is so much to see along a beach!

Queer little creatures live down in the water. They saw tiny little hermit crabs, who push their backs up into empty snail and barnacle shells and use the shells as tiny houses.

Marcella had explained this to Hairy Puppydog and now he told it to the dolls. "The hermit crab uses the shell as a house until he eats a lot and grows too large, then when the shell house begins to feel too tight on the hermit crab's back, he hunts a larger shell and uses that."

It was easy for the dolls to catch the little hermit crabs and look at them. Little minnows, only an inch or so long, swam along the edge of the water, finding tiny things to eat. It was harder to catch the little minnows for they could dart out of the dolls' hands quite easily.

When the dolls caught any of the tiny creatures, they were very careful not to injure them in any way.

"I'll show you something funny!" Hairy Puppydog said. "Just follow me down here a piece!"

When the dolls all reached the place, Hairy Puppydog said, "Uncle Clem, you and Cleety and Henny and Raggedy Andy lift this stone up in the air and when I say three, drop it hard!"

So when Hairy counted, "One, two, three!" Uncle Clem and Henny and Cleety and Raggedy Andy dropped the heavy stone, "BOP!"

"Whee!" all the dolls cried as they jumped back.

"What was it, Hairy? It looked just like hundreds of tiny water spouts, shooting up in the air!" Uncle Clem said.

Hairy shook himself and sent the salt water flying.

"I'm all wet, too!" Raggedy Ann and the other dolls laughed. "What was it?"

"See all these tiny holes in the beach?" Hairy asked. "Well," he said, "at the bottom of each little hole is a clam and when the clam hears a noise above him, or feels the ground jar, he pulls his neck back into his shell so fast, it squirts the water up high in the air."

The dolls tried jumping up and down to make the clams shoot the tiny fountains in the air and, in a few minutes every doll was as wet as wet could be.

And, as they were as wet as they could be, they thought they might as well wade out into the water. It was lots of fun and they kicked and splashed about just as children do at the seashore.

Hairy Puppydog enjoyed it as much as any of the dolls, and raced out into the water and brought back sticks thrown by the boy dolls.

But after a long time of this fun, Raggedy Ann said, "Oh, Beloved Belindy! We almost forgot! Marcella told you to take good care of Uncle Clem and Squeakie and the rest of us. Now, how shall we get dry before morning?"

"Dear me!" Beloved Belindy said as she scratched her head. "How shall we? I hadn't thought of that, Raggedy Ann. We can not go up and climb into bed as we are, 'cause Marcella will find us as soggy as can be in the morning, and she will wonder how we could get so wet, when she had put us, safe and snug, in bed!"

"I 'spect we will have to hang ourselves on the clothes line for an hour or two," Raggedy Andy laughed.

"It's no fun just hanging on a clothes line and drying!" Henny grumbled. "I'm going to run upstairs and climb into bed. I'll dry before morning!"

"Why, Henny!" Raggedy Ann cried. "You will do nothing of the sort! Don't be so —" But Henny ran for the house as fast as he could go.

"Catch him, Raggedy Andy!" Beloved Belindy cried. "His feet are all muddy and he will leave footprints everywhere!"

Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem sprang after Henny, but he had got such a good start that they would never have caught him if it had not been for Hairy Puppydog.

Hairy knew as well as any of the dolls that it would never do for them to tramp into the house as muddy and wet as they were, so, with a bound, he was after Henny.

Hairy, in his haste, ran right over Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy and knocked them head over heels, but they did not mind this in the least.

Just at the kitchen door, Hairy caught Henny and gave him quite a shaking. "The idea!" Hairy growled as he carried Henny back to the other dolls.

Henny had to be soused up and down in the water to wash off all the mud; then Hairy Puppydog carried him to the clothes line.

Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem pinned Henny's arms to the clothes line so that he could not escape, then as each of the dolls climbed up, Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem pinned them, either by their dresses, or by their hands.

There the dolls swung back and forth swayed by the warm night air.

They dripped and dripped and dripped and bounced up and down, and backward and forward until they were perfectly dry.

Hairy curled up and went to sleep.

When the first rays of the sun came up over the water, Hairy Puppydog awakened with a start. "My!" he thought, "the folks will find the dolls hanging on the clothes line!" But when he looked up, the clothes line was bare.

Hairy Puppydog went racing down to the beach, barking as sharply and loudly as he could, "Hurry up, every last one of you dolls, and hustle into the house! Dinah, the cook, will be here, any minute, and you will be caught."

But the dolls were not on the beach, either.

Hairy Puppydog raced back to the house, just as Dinah, the cook came up the walk. "What you-all so 'cited 'bout, Puppydog?" Dinah laughed. " 'Tain't time for you to have breakfast!"

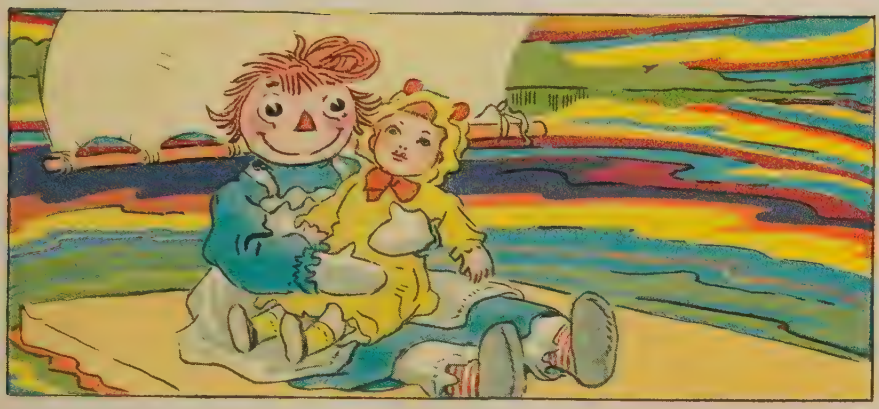
Dinah let Hairy Puppydog inside and he went bouncing upstairs. There he found the dolls, nice and dry, tucked in their beds, just as Marcella had placed them the night before.

Uncle Clem still had epizoodix and Squeakie's throat was wrapped in an old stocking.

Hairy Puppydog was all out of breath from his run upstairs, so he just looked around, sniffed and trotted downstairs again to beg Dinah for something to eat.

Raggedy Ann rose up in bed and wiggled one shoe-button eye at Beloved Belindy, as much as to say, "That's the time we fooled Hairy Puppydog!"

But Raggedy Ann did not say anything out loud. She and the other dolls heard Marcella stirring about, and knew they must stay quietly in bed until it was "time for them to be up."



SHIPWRECKED

RAGGEDY ANN and Squeakie went sailing one day. It was lots of fun for Raggedy Ann and Squeakie. But dear me! Marcella did not like it at all.

When she had climbed over the wall from the beach and run into the house and told Mama about it, Mama and Dinah and Hairy, the puppydog, came out and looked, and there were Raggedy Ann and Squeakie way out on the water, far from land.

Daddy wasn't home so he could not take the boat and go out to bring Raggedy Ann and Squeakie back to shore.

The two dolls sat upon the board and drifted farther and farther away, until they were so far from shore, Marcella could not see Raggedy Ann's smile at all. And you know, Raggedy Ann has such a large cheery smile, that you can see it a long way off.

But, just the same, Raggedy Ann sat upon the board and held Squeakie on her lap and smiled and smiled just as she always did. When one has a smile such as Raggedy Ann, one cannot help smiling and being cheery, for Raggedy Ann's cheery smile is painted on her rag face.

"How did it happen, Honey?" Dinah, the cook asked.

"I took turns putting the dolls on the board," Marcella

replied with tears in her eyes. "And I pulled them along the beach with a string. But the string came untied and the wind and waves carried it farther and farther away, so that I could not reach it with a long stick!"

And Henny and Beloved Belindy and Susan and Raggedy Andy and Cleety, the clown, and the penny dolls just sat upon the sand and watched their two friends sail away.

Of course, the dolls all knew that it would be great fun for Raggedy Ann and Squeakie, but they knew how sad Marcella felt, and that made them very, very sorry.

"I wish I could do something!" Raggedy Andy thought.

Uncle Clem and Cleety and the other dolls all thought the same thing, but they could do nothing. How can one doll help another when grown-up people are around to see?

"Why!" Raggedy Andy thought, way back in his cotton stuffed little head, "what if I should jump up and run out into the water and try to swim out to catch the board and pull them in to shore! Wouldn't Marcella and Mama and Dinah, the cook, stare? My! Wouldn't they?"

Raggedy Andy was right about it, too. At any rate, he sat still and kept his little black shoe-button eyes looking straight out over the water.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" Marcella cried as she gathered up the dolls and carried them to the stone wall. "Can't we get someone to go after them, Mama?"

But there was no one down at the shore to go after the two dolls, and they sailed and sailed along until they were just a teeny-weeny speck, 'way out on the Sound.

"We will go in and call up Daddy," Mama said. "Maybe he can run down and row out after them."

"If they just had our names written on them," Marcella said, "whoever found them would send them back to us!"

Dinah shook her woolly head and patted Marcella sympathetically. "You-all better bring de rest ob de fambly in de house!" she advised. " 'Tain't no use to stand and

watch no longer! Account of 'cause why? 'Cause it won't do no good at all, at all!"

So she and Mama helped Marcella carry the rest of the dolls into the house.

Mama could not reach Daddy by telephone. "Maybe he is on his way home now, dear!" she told Marcella.

Marcella sat at the window and watched for Daddy, but he did not get home until darkness had settled.

"I will get up, bright and early in the morning, and hunt for them," Daddy said. "They will drift out around Peach Island and then the tide will turn. We will find them in the morning, Marcella!" he said. "And if we don't and if there isn't a storm to wash Raggedy Ann and Squeakie off the board, some of the clam fishermen, or the oyster men will be sure to see them and pick them up. Then I shall advertise their loss and they will be returned!"

Marcella tried to be very patient, but it is quite hard when some of your children are out, sailing on the Sound all night.

Marcella put the rest of the dolls to bed.

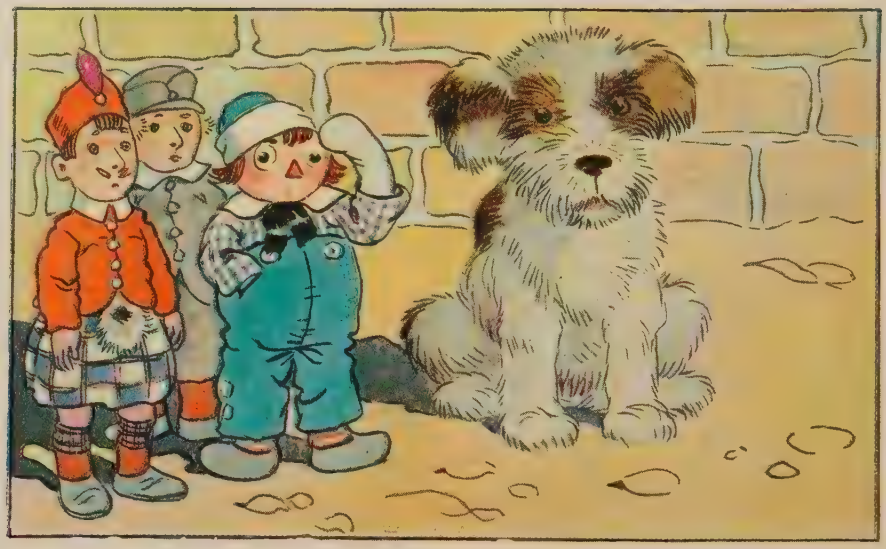
But Raggedy Ann's bed was empty. Ever since Beloved Belindy had found Squeakie, the wooden doll, in the moving van, Raggedy Ann had shared her little red bed with Squeakie.

Now, after the folks had gone to bed, the dolls all rose in their beds and looked at Raggedy Ann's bed.

It seemed strange not to see Raggedy Ann's cheery smile, peeping back at them over the bed covers.

And they missed Squeakie's shiny, painted head upon the pillow beside dear old Raggedy Ann.

"I wonder if we shall ever see them again?" Henny, the Dutch doll said. Although Henny at times was rude and ill-mannered, he loved Raggedy Ann very dearly and he wondered and wondered, 'way back in his sawdust filled head, what could be done.



"If Hairy Puppydog were in the house, we might ask him!" Uncle Clem suggested. "Hairy can think quite well at times, when he isn't thinking of chasing kitty-cats!"

"Let us tiptoe downstairs and see if we can find Hairy Puppydog!" Henny said.

"I will stay up here with all the girl dolls," Beloved Belindy said, "for there is no use in all of us going."

So Henny and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy tiptoed downstairs and out the kitchen door. They ran around the house twice, but could not find Hairy Puppydog.

Then Henny ran out to the stone wall and there, sitting on the beach looking out over the water, was Hairy Puppydog.

"I feel too sad to chase cats tonight, or to bark at the moon!" Hairy Puppydog said.

"We thought maybe you could help us think of a way to rescue Raggedy Ann and little wooden Squeakie!" Cleety, the clown, said.

Cleety, being made of wood, had not come downstairs with Raggedy Andy and Henny and Uncle Clem. He was

afraid he might clatter his wooden legs against the steps and waken the family, so he had climbed to the windowsill with his little ladder and had jumped to the ground. Cleety, the clown, made quite a clatter when he hit the ground, but no one had wakened.

"I wish that I could think of something!" Hairy Puppydog sighed. "But I have been sitting here for over an hour and haven't thought of a single thing a puppydog can do except swim. And they have drifted out so far! I am sure I could never swim that far."

"Oh! I know!" Cleety cried after he had hit his wooden head four or five times with his wooden hand.

"What is it, Cleety?" Uncle Clem wished to know.

"Marcella has a fine tin steam-boat in the garage!" Cleety said. "Only it isn't a steam-boat. It runs by turning a key, which sticks up out of the smoke-stack. But it runs very fast in the water."

"Then we will all get on it and run it out in search of Raggedy Ann and shipwrecked Squeakie!" Raggedy Andy said as he ran towards the garage.

It took Raggedy Andy and Henny and Uncle Clem and Cleety, all lifting together, to carry the little toy steam-boat out to the beach.

But when the boat was put in the water and all tried to climb on it, the little steam-boat turned over and sank.

"This will never do," Uncle Clem said. "All of us except Cleety are too large to ride on the steam-boat. Cleety will have to be engineer and captain and everything!"

So Cleety, the clown, climbed on the little steam-boat and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem waded out into the water and gave it a grand push.

Cleety wound the key in the smoke-stack as tight as it could be wound, then he waved his wooden hand to his friends and guided the steam-boat out across the water.

Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem and Henny and Hairy Puppydog walked back to the stone wall and sat down.

They watched Cleety and the steam-boat as it sped away across the silvery wake of the moon.

Cleety wound and wound the little key in the smoke-stack.

When the steam-boat had sailed through the water as far as the winding spring would send it, Cleety wound and wound again.

He sailed toward Peach Island, and at one time thought he had found the two dolls, but when his little steam-boat ran into the object, Cleety found it was a wild duck. The wild duck was so startled that it flew away without even answering Cleety's question, "Have you seen two nice dolls drifting around on a board?"

So Cleety sailed on and on.

He circled around the bunches of swamp grasses and had just about given up hope of finding them, when he heard Squeakie's voice.

Now Cleety, being made out of the same kind of wood as Squeaky, could hear Squeakie's voice as far as he could

see, and he heard Squeaky say, "What is that thing sailing out there, Raggedy Ann? It looks like a tiny ship!"

Then Raggedy Ann said, "It is a tiny ship, Squeakie, and Cleety, the clown, is making it go!"

So Cleety, the clown, ran the little steam-boat up to where Raggedy Ann sat upon the board, holding Squeakie in her lap.

"My goodness," Raggedy Ann said, "how glad we are to see you, friend Cleety! We have had a most delightful sail, but Marcella must be worried."

"Indeed, she is!" Cleety replied. "The little steam-boat would not hold Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy and Henny, or they would have come along, too!"

"Then I shall have to hug them, too!" Squeakie said, "for I intend giving you a big wooden hug when we get back to shore, Mister Cleety!"

Cleety thought this would be very nice and he said so, right out loud.

Then he tied a string from the steam-boat to the board and cried, "All aboard for home!" and wound the key in the smoke-stack.

Henny and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy were waiting by the stone wall, and when they saw the little steam-boat, pulling the board and Raggedy Ann and Squeakie towards shore, they ran down to the beach.

Hairy Puppydog could not wait. He jumped into the water and swam out to meet them, almost upsetting the little steam-boat with the waves he made.

"Now, Mister Hairy Puppydog, please be careful!" Raggedy Ann advised. "We know you are glad to see us, and we are glad to see you, but you must not upset us and sink the nice little steam-boat."

So Hairy Puppydog just swam behind then, and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy and Henny pulled the steam-boat up on shore and then the board.

Raggedy Ann and Squeaky hugged everyone, even Hairy Puppydog—and Hairy was very wet—because they were so happy to be back again!

"Now I'll tell you what," Raggedy Ann said. "By the time you get the little steam-boat put back in the garage, it will be getting daylight, so you must all hurry upstairs and get into bed just as Marcella left you!"

"And you will come, too?" Henny asked.

"My goodness, no, Henny!" Raggedy Ann laughed as she gave him a hug. "What would Marcella and Mama and Daddy and Dinah, the cook, think if, after we have been sailing out on the Sound all night, they should find us tucked away safely in bed upstairs?"

So Henny had to laugh, too, for he knew it would never do to surprise the folks that much.

He helped Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem and Cleety pull the board way up on the beach, so the tide would not carry it out again, then he helped them carry the steam-boat back to the garage.

Beloved Belindy and the other dolls were very anxious to hear all about it, and were glad to know that Raggedy Ann and Squeakie were safe!

Daddy got up very early and carried the oars out from the garage to the beach, for he intended rowing all around to hunt for the two dolls.

But when he reached the stone wall he stopped in amazement and dropped the oars.

Then he jumped down from the stone wall to the beach and picked up Raggedy Ann and Squeakie. Raggedy Ann sat in the same position, holding Squeakie on her lap, but Daddy looked all about the beach.

"There's something funny about this, Raggedy Ann," he said, as he gave the old loppy doll a shake which made her kick her rag heels over her head. "Just you look there, Miss Raggedy Ann, and you will see!" Daddy laughed.

And he held Raggedy Ann down close to the beach again and pointed his fingers at the tracks left in the wet sand by the feet of Cleety, the clown.

"Don't think that you can fool me!" Daddy said again. "The other dolls have pulled this board up on the beach much higher than the tide has come!"

And, chuckling to himself, Daddy carried Raggedy Ann and Squeakie into the house and propped them up in Marcella's chair where she would find them when she came down to breakfast. And Daddy never told what he had discovered, early that morning, until now. And now you know the secret as well as all the dolls.

FISHING

MARCELLA came running into the nursery where all the dolls were sitting around the toy piano, just as they had been placed there long before, when Marcella had been playing with them.

Now Marcella caught up Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Beloved Belindy, Uncle Clem and Henny by their rag arms and ran with them downstairs.

"Dear me!" Raggedy Ann thought, 'way back in her cotton stuffed head. "I 'spect we are going somewhere!"

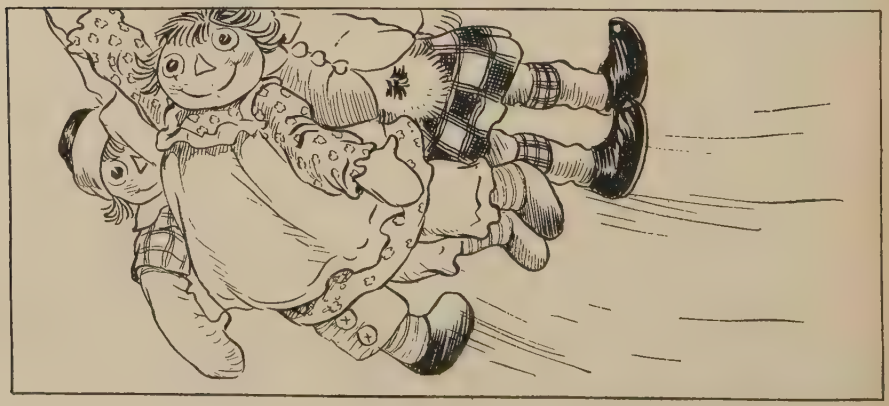
Uncle Clem and the other dolls thought the same thing, jiggling and twisting about as Marcella ran with them.

Dinah held the screen door open for Marcella, when she heard Marcella coming. Henny bumped his head against the door post, Marcella was in such a hurry; but Henny did not mind a bump; his yellow head was stuffed with sawdust and bumps never hurt Henny.

At each step Marcella took, though, Henny swung back and forth and, in his quavery voice, cried, "Mama!"

Around the house Marcella ran, jumped over the stone wall onto the beach where Daddy was waiting with the little red rowboat.

"Well!" Daddy laughed. "You almost missed the steam-



boat that time, Marcella! And I see you have all the children with you!"

"Almost all, Daddy!" Marcella laughed. "I picked up all the loppy dolls, 'cause I could carry them all by their hands."

Marcella took her seat in the little red rowboat and Daddy pushed the boat from shore and rowed out to where Mama and Gran'ma sat in the large motor-boat, waiting.

When Marcella and all her "children" were safely in the motor-boat, Daddy tied the little red rowboat to the stern of the motor-boat and started the motor.

Marcella had placed all the dolls where they could sit comfortably and see all that happened and their little shoe-button eyes fairly danced with excitement as the engine started it's *put-put-put* and the boat moved through the water.

Henny would have liked to know what made the engine run, and the fly-wheel turn so fast, but he was careful not to talk out loud while grown folks were present. He sat very still, leaning up against Uncle Clem and never even wiggled once.

Daddy sat by the engine to see that it ran smoothly and Marcella guided the boat. "Marcella is the captain," Daddy said.

The harbor was large and the motor-boat steered so easily, Marcella could make it turn any way she wished by turning the wheel one way, or the other.

The motor-boat pushed the water away from its bow with a splash and the waves danced in a long line far in back of the boat, sparkling in the sunshine.

Out past the Country Club dock and Dorian's Point towards Calf Pasture they sped. "We will have to go out around the beacon, Marcella," Daddy shouted. "The tide is too low to run between Calf Pasture and Peach Island!"

So Marcella kept the motor-boat pointed straight out

the channel beyond three black buoys and around the beacon.

Marcella held up each of the dolls as they passed the beacon so that all might see. "The light flickers and winks, all day and all night long," Marcella told the dolls.

"Now head for Goose Island," Daddy said, when Marcella had turned the boat around the red light beacon.

It was great fun for everyone, even Gran'ma and Mama, and they sang and laughed and waved their hands at all the boats they passed.

When they reached the large rocks, 'way out at Goose Island, Daddy stopped the motor and drifted until he was where he wished to be, then he threw out the anchor and got the fish poles out from under the seats.

When these were put together and the hooks baited, Daddy handed Marcella a little bag of candy hearts with words printed upon them.

Marcella rubbed the candy hearts over the mouths of the dolls before she ate them herself. And each doll was supposed to say how nice the candy tasted. Of course, Marcella said it for each doll.

Gran'ma caught the first fish. It was a black fish and it danced and patted itself against the side of the basket when Daddy took it off the line.

Henny was so anxious to see he leaned forward and fell into the basket. And when he struck the large black fish, the fish jumped about and flopped hard; before Marcella could rescue him, Henny was in the bottom of the basket and the black fish had flopped water all over him.

"Now, Henny!" Marcella said, as she lifted him out. "See what you have done! Now you will have to be bathed, or you will smell like a sardine can!"

Mama wiped Henny with a rag and he was laid flat on the deck to dry in the sun.

Marcella let Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy hold the fish pole a while and they could feel the fish, deep down in the water as they nibbled at the bait. But they did not catch any fish.

Mama and Gran'ma and Daddy caught a lot of fish and the basket was almost full. Then, when away off across the water, they heard the whistles from the factories blow twelve o'clock, Mama opened the baskets of lunch and they had a lovely picnic out on the water.

Marcella saw that all the dolls were properly fed, too, for she knew how hungry one gets, out in a boat.

The dolls enjoyed it and wiggled their shoe-button eyes at each other when they were certain no one was looking.

After lunch Marcella caught a funny-looking fish.

The fish was short and had a large head.

It made a queer noise too—"Auk! Auk!"

Daddy put it upon the floor of the boat and said, "Now watch it."

The funny fish began to grow larger and larger until it looked like a toy balloon with a fish's head and tail.

"It's a blow fish!" Daddy said as Marcella held the dolls down so they might see.

Daddy put the blow fish into the water and it floated on top just as a toy balloon would float, until the wind blew it away from the boat; then the blow fish let all the air out of himself and with a flick of his tail went diving down into the water out of sight.

"The blow fish swells up that way to frighten his enemies," Daddy said. "And, as soon as he saw that he was free, he let the air out of his breadbasket, and went down to see his mama, I guess!"

Along in the afternoon, large storm clouds began to roll up in the west and Daddy said it was time to return home.

And it was well they started when they did, for, before they reached home, the rain came peppering down.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem and Beloved Belindy and Henny, the Dutch doll, got as wet as Gran'ma and Mama and Daddy and Marcella; but it was a warm rain and felt just like a shower-bath.

Daddy hustled everyone into the little red rowboat and soon had them ashore and in the house.

Everyone had to change clothes and put on dry ones. Then, as soon as Marcella was dressed, she changed the dolls' clothes and put them all to bed. That evening, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem and Henny all had "croup" and enjoyed it very much, for Marcella gave them medicine made out of candy hearts dissolved in water.

And, as the sweetened water medicine soaked in around their mouths, they smiled and smiled and smiled, for they had many pleasant thoughts running through their rag heads. And when one has pleasant thoughts running through one's head, one just has to be full of joyousness and the joyousness shines right up to the surface in a cheery smile.

THROUGH THE DOOR

RAGGEDY ANN and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem were sitting out in the playhouse.

Marcella had played with them that afternoon and had been called into the house. So the four dolls sat patiently and waited for her to return.

Of course, as soon as Marcella had disappeared into the house, the dolls talked to each other, but they stayed in the same positions Marcella had left them, for fear that she might return soon.

But, when the sun went down and the evening shadows turned everything to a lovely purple, and the little fire-flies with their twinkling lanterns came up out of the grass and sailed high into the air, the dolls all walked to the front of the playhouse and sat down where they could look out.

"Who knows, Beloved Belindy," Raggedy Ann said in a soft whispery cotton-stuffed voice. "Perhaps we may see the fairies!"

"Oh! I wish we could!" Beloved Belindy said.

Beloved Belindy had never seen a fairy, though Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem had—many times, too.

"Shh!" Uncle Clem cautioned. "What is that?"

Something like a twig snapping was heard near the orchard fence. The moon was just peeping over the trees in the east and the evening purple had grown darker and darker, so that the dolls could not see what made the noise.

They drew back into the playhouse and waited as the sounds came closer. Then they heard a sigh.

"It's Hairy, the puppydog!" Uncle Clem whispered.

"No!" a low voice replied. "I am not Hairy, the puppydog, but I am a puppydog."

Raggedy Ann jumped to the window and pulled the flowered curtain aside so the moonlight would stream in. And the dolls saw a poor, tired little puppydog lying upon the floor. And, between the puppydog's front feet was the weeniest, teeniest baby puppydog the dolls had ever seen.

It was as small as one of the tiny toy puppydogs upstairs in the nursery.

The teenyweeny puppydog tried to get up closer to its mama puppydog. Raggedy Ann took it in her arms and snuggled it down in her apron.

Beloved Belindy lifted the mama puppydog's head in her broad lap and patted it. "Are you so tired, Mama Puppydog?" she asked.

"So very tired!" the mama puppydog replied with a long sigh. "I have walked and walked and walked and people have chased me and other puppydogs have nipped at my heels until I can go no farther!"

"Then you must stay right here and rest!" Raggedy Andy said. "It is nice and comfy here!"

Uncle Clem poured a drink of sweetened water from the little tea-pot into a saucer, but the mama puppydog was too tired to drink.

"Why did you walk so far, carrying the little teeny-

weeny baby puppydog?" Beloved Belindy asked as she smoothed her head with a soft rag hand.

"I will tell you," the mama puppydog said in a low voice. "I lived 'way, 'way off over those hills with the nicest little boy. He and I played together ever since I was a tiny puppydog.

"But the nice little boy grew so tired and thin his mama had to wheel him around in a chair and he couldn't run and play with me at all. I picked up sticks and raced around his chair when he was placed out in the sunshine and he would laugh and whistle to me, but I could see that it made him sad because he had to sit in the wheel-chair and could not join me in my fun. So I just sat at his feet and told him how sorry I felt for him and he would go to sleep with his hand upon my head.

"Then when the fairies came and brought me my teeny-weeny baby puppydog, I knew the little boy would be pleased, so I carried the teenyweeny baby puppydog out in the yard to show him. But do you know, the little boy never came out in the sunshine again. His wheel-chair was on the back porch for a few days, then it was taken away."

"Ah!" Raggedy Ann said, half to herself.

"And although I went in the house and searched all around and whined for him, I could not find the little boy," the mama puppydog said. "And when his mama saw me hunting for him, she put her hands to her face and made noises like the little boy used to do when he bumped his head or something."

"And her eyes were all wet and shiny?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Yes!" the mama puppydog replied. "They were all wet and shiny as if she could hardly see me. So I took my little teeny-weeny baby puppydog and walked and walked and walked trying to find my nice little boy!"

Beloved Belindy smoothed the mama puppydog's head and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem patted her softly upon the back. "Some day you will find him, maybe!" Uncle Clem said.

The mama puppydog gave a long sigh.

"She's going to sleep!" Beloved Belindy whispered. "Poor little tired, lost puppydog!"

Raggedy Ann snuggled the teeny-weeny baby puppydog deeper in her apron and held her soft rag hand on his head.

Beloved Belindy sat very still, holding the mama puppydog's head on her soft broad lap, and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy sat very quiet, their little shoe-button eyes peering out into the orchard.

At first it sounded to the four dolls as if a gentle breeze blew softly across silken strings, breathing a soft, half-heard melody. Then as it grew louder, but still soft and

fairylike, the dolls all held their cotton-stuffed breaths and waited. A light, as if hundreds of fireflies were banded together, came across the grass of the orchard and the faint sound the dolls had heard was the soft singing of tiny fairies.

As the light came closer and closer, the little mama puppydog raised her head from Beloved Belindy's lap and tried to bark, but she was too tired. So she thumped the floor of the playhouse with her stubby tail.

The fairies came trouping into the playhouse and it was all a-light with the fairy glow. Then from the orchard came a low whistle, "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"

Again the mama puppydog thumped the floor with her stubby tail and the four dolls sat very quietly and watched.

The fairies lifted the mama puppydog's head, then they lifted her body and stood her upon her feet as the whistle came again, "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"

With a happy puppydog bark, the mama puppydog ran from the playhouse and into the orchard. And, as the dolls jumped to their feet and looked out beneath the trees, they saw the little boy coming to meet the puppydog.

He dropped to his knees and caught the mama puppydog close to his heart and the dolls could hear the puppydog's tail thumping against the little boy's coat. Then as the fairies with their soft light and the lovely low singing floated out and around the little boy and the puppydog, Raggedy Ann sat down in the doorway of the dry-goods box playhouse and her shoe button eyes were shiny with happiness. And, as Beloved Belindy and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem sat down beside her, the four dolls could see the fairy glow growing dimmer; the fairy singing grew softer and softer and farther away until all was quiet.

Then little Johnny Cricket climbed up to the top of a blade of grass and, crossing his feet, tuned his tiny cricket violin and began playing a cheery, cricket tune of happiness. And, the four dolls, Raggedy Ann, with the teenyweeny baby puppydog upon her lap and Beloved Belindy with an arm around Raggedy Ann, and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy sat very, very quiet, their little cotton-stuffed bodies tingling as happily as Johnny Cricket's cheery tune, for they had looked through the door into Fairyland.

"OH! I'VE left Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem out in the playhouse, Daddy!" Marcella said, as she kissed Mama and Daddy good-night. "Do you think anything will happen to them?"

"Oh, they may have a wonderful adventure of some sort tonight," Daddy laughed. "I think they are safe out there for one night, though."

So Marcella jumped into bed and was soon fast asleep.

Bright and early in the morning she was up and ran out to the playhouse. When she looked in the door, she gave a cry and ran back to the house.

"Daddy! Mama! Come quick!" she cried. "See what I have found in the playhouse!"

Mama and Daddy followed Marcella and even Dinah, the cook, forgot her breakfast-cooking and tagged behind. Dinah in her excitement picked up a stick, for she was certain in her mind that Marcella had found a snake in the playhouse.

"Jes' leave me crack him wiff dis stick!" Dinah cried as she shuffled up to where Marcella, Mama and Daddy stood looking into the playhouse.

But when Dinah looked inside, she threw her stick away and rolled her eyes. "Lawdy-massy!" she said; "where you 'spect it come from?"

"Why, Dinah, the fairies brought it!" Marcella cried.

For there, inside the playhouse, sat Uncle Clem, Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy beside Raggedy Ann. And Raggedy Ann held a teeny-weeny, baby puppydog on her lap, partly covered up with her apron.

"The baby puppydog has snuggled down in Raggedy Ann's lap!" Marcella said. "And see, Daddy, Raggedy Ann has one rag hand over the baby puppydog's head just as if she were patting it!"

"She probably had been patting it, until she heard us coming!" Daddy said. "I wonder where the mama puppydog is? Can you tell us, Mistress Raggedy Ann?"

Raggedy Ann just smiled her cheery painted smile, but did not answer. Indeed, she could have told if she had wished.

"Well, we can't leave the baby puppydog out here!" Mama said.

Marcella carried the baby puppydog into the house and Daddy picked up the four dolls and followed. "I told Marcella, last night, that you four dolls would have an adventure," Daddy said, as he gave the dolls a loving shake.

The teeny-weeny baby puppydog was put into a little basket.

He was too tiny to eat from a saucer, so Dinah fed him from a little doll's nursing bottle.

"Whatcha goin' name this hound dawg, Honey?" Dinah asked Marcella as she watched Dinah trying to get the little fellow to drink the warm milk from the toy nursing bottle.

"I shall name him Rags, I guess," Marcella answered, "because Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy found him!"

Little Rags soon learned to whine for his nursing bottle

DENNIS
GRUELLE

and when Marcella carried him up to the nursery to show the dolls how nicely Rags could drink his milk, the dolls were all delighted.

Raggedy Ann and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy had told the dolls how they had watched the fairies come, that night out in the playhouse, and the dolls had been anxious to see the baby puppydog.

Marcella had lots of fun with little Rags. She tied a bib around his neck before she gave him his bottle and often put him to bed in an old nightie of Uncle Clem's, while she pretended Rags was sick and gave him his medicine.

Marcella played that Uncle Clem was the doctor and he had to sit by the bed and feel Rag's pulse. Uncle Clem enjoyed this, but little Rags did not like it at all.

He wanted his medicine all the time and Marcella had a hard time keeping him in bed until it was time to have another dose.

Hairy Puppydog came up, once or twice, and sniffed around and begged for a taste of the medicine, but Marcella told him he was not sick.

"Puppydogs are not much good!" Hairy Puppydog whispered to Raggedy Ann. "Not until they are grown up—like me!"

Raggedy Ann could not reply to Hairy, for Marcella was right there beside her, but Raggedy Ann thought, "Silly!"

Little Rags learned to stand up on his hind feet, with his front feet on Marcella's hand, and drink from his bottle.

Then, when Marcella would hold it just out of reach, little Rags would walk around after it on his hind feet.

Little Rags knew that whenever anything was held up above him, that meant he should stand up and walk, so before long he would walk around the room if Marcella just held her hand above his head.

Little Rags had a great many things to learn and he had to be punished, many times, before he understood just how to behave.

One day little Rags had a lot of fun with a work-bag of stockings.

Raggedy Ann cautioned little Rags, too, but puppydogs often believe, if they are having fun doing anything, that it is quite proper to continue.

"Now, Mister Rags," Raggedy Ann said. "Mama would not like you to do that!'

"Growly! Growly!" little Rags cried, as he shook the stockings and scattered them about the room.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem and Beloved Belindy told little Rags not to shake the stockings.

Then, as little Rags ran around the room with one of the silk stockings in his mouth, Raggedy Ann and the other dolls chased him.

"We'll put all the other stockings away!" Raggedy Ann said.

So she and Beloved Belindy put the other stockings away while Uncle Clem and Henny and the other dolls chased Rags.

And, when Raggedy Andy finally caught hold of the stocking, and he and Uncle Clem and Henny pulled on one end, and little Rags pulled and growled on the other end, there was a long, "Rip!" and dolls and little Rags fell over backwards.

"Now then, you'll catch it, little Rags!" Henny cried. "Just wait until Mama sees what you've done!"

Then, as they heard a step upon the stairs, all the dolls ran to their places and remained very quiet, while little Rags sat down behind the toy piano and peeped quietly over the top.

It was Mama, and when she saw what little Rags had done, she said, "You naughty little puppydog!" And

holding little Rags' nose down near the torn silk stocking, Mama gave him a few paddywhacks.

"That will teach you not to tear up stockings!" Mama said.

Little Rags knew just what Mama meant, too, for he whined in puppydog talk, "I shall not do it again, Mama!"

And he ran and hopped up on the doll-bed beside Raggedy Ann. Mama laughed and shook her finger at Rags and went downstairs.

"See?" Raggedy Ann said. "We told you, little Rags Puppydog! Now I 'spect you can see how easily you can get in trouble. Don't you?"

"It was lots of fun!" little Rags sighed. "But after this, Raggedy Ann, I shall never tear up, or even play with any silk stockings again!"

Just then, Marcella came into the nursery and, seeing little Rags on the bed with Raggedy Ann, she said, "Why little Rags! Let me feel your pulse." And when she had pretended to do this, Marcella cried, "Mercy me, the poor children all have scarlet fever and everything! I must get the doctor, quick!"

So Marcella put Uncle Clem's nightie on little Rags and tied a little hanky around his head. "Now stay in bed until I return with the doctor!" Marcella said as she ran downstairs.

"I guess I'll have to stay in bed all day, playing that I am ill!" little Rags said as he rolled his eyes at Uncle Clem.

"I 'spect you will!" Uncle Clem laughed in reply. "And I 'spect all of us dolls will have our heads tied up, too, and have the measles and whooping cough and everything!"

But, when Marcella came upstairs again, she had a plate of cookies and a glass of milk. She set the little doll table with cups and saucers and tiny plates. Then, putting one of Susan's pretty hats on little Rags, she made him sit upon a chair just like the dolls.

Little Rags whined for pieces of cookies.

All the dolls sat very still in their chairs and did not "beg" at all. But of course, they, being much older than little Rags Puppydog, had much better manners.

And Marcella did not forget the dolls, either. Before she gave little Rags a piece of cooky, Marcella rubbed it over the mouth of each doll.

And she poured the milk into a little tea-pot and each of the dolls had a cup of tea. But Marcella drank it for them.

Then, when all the cookies had been eaten and the milk had disappeared, Marcella took the nightie off Rags and put his bonnet aside.

Then she called Rags and went running downstairs and out into the yard.

And, as the dolls could hear Marcella's laughter and little Rags' happy barks, they knew their little mistress was having a lot of fun.

So this made the dolls very happy, for, just as Raggedy Ann said, "If we know our friends are happy, that in itself should make us happy, too!"

And the dolls watched from the window, peeping from behind the curtains, and saw little Rags Puppydog with an old stocking in his mouth, running in circles around Marcella, and growling and shaking the stocking.

Uncle Clem wiggled one shoe-button eye at the other dolls and said, "I guess little Rags had scarlet fever and everything so bad that he forgot he said he would never shake up a stocking again."

THE LOVELY NEW DOLL

ON CHRISTMAS Eve, all the dolls were taken downstairs to watch Marcella hang the stockings.

Each little doll thrilled with as much excitement as their little mistress, for, you know, nearly all dolls are brought by Santa Claus and they are quite anxious for his visit, each year.

"I hope Marcella leaves us down here, so that we can see Santa," Henny, the Dutch doll, thought as he watched Marcella hang a doll stocking for each doll.

Some of the dolls, like Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem and Henny, had their stockings fastened right on them, but Susan and Sarah and Rosa and the French doll all had pretty stockings, so Marcella borrowed from them.

Above each tiny stocking, Marcella pinned a little piece of paper with the doll's name printed on it.

Marcella wanted to be sure that Santa would not forget each doll. And she also wanted Santa to know that all the stockings did not belong to her.

Indeed, there were a lot of stockings, for Marcella wanted Daddy and Mama to hang their stockings, too.

And then there was a stocking for Hairy Puppydog and a stocking for little Rags Puppydog too.

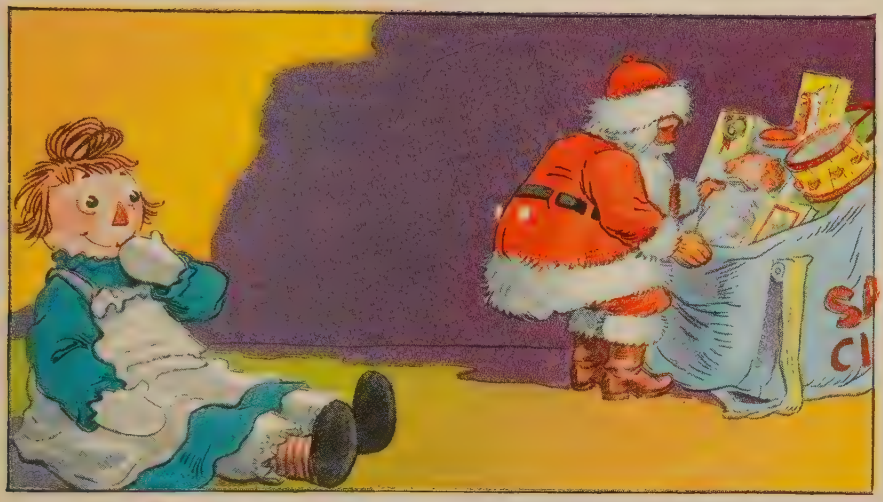
Marcella had made the puppydogs' stockings out of paper cut the shape of stockings, for Puppydogs never have stockings of their own.

Then, when everything was finished and old Mister Sandman was not far off, Marcella carried all the dolls up into the nursery and put them to bed—all except Raggedy Ann.

Raggedy Ann, in the excitement of hanging the stockings, had been knocked from her chair and was doubled up in a loppy lump with her head on the floor and her feet in the air.

Now Raggedy Ann did not mind being in this position at all, even if it did make the room seem upside down. Her little shoe-button eyes looked steadily out from under the chair towards the fireplace and she could see all the stockings hanging there.

Raggedy Ann wished that all the other dolls could have been left with her, but then she knew, as soon as they heard Santa downstairs, they would all come trouping down to greet him.



Still, Raggedy Ann thought, it would have been nice for Marcella to have placed the dolls about the room, so they could have seen everything without having to be careful to make any noise when they came downstairs.

"Maybe Marcella will miss me and will take me up, too!" Raggedy Ann thought.

On any other night, perhaps, Marcella would have thought of dear old Raggedy Ann, but tonight was Christmas Eve. It was too exciting to think of anything except to go to sleep and waken bright and early in the morning to see the presents.

So, Raggedy Ann stood upon her head beside the chair until Daddy and Mama had gone to bed, then she gave a wiggle and a kick and a twist and sat up straight.

"Ha! That's much better!" she said to herself.

Raggedy Ann sat and listened to the tall clock ticking away, *tic-toc, tic-toc!* And the hands of the clock slowly moved around and around.

It was really a long wait, but Raggedy Ann was very patient. She counted the ticks of the tall clock up to ten, then she had to begin over and count to ten. You see, dear

old Raggedy Ann, although she was over fifty years old, had never gone to school, so she had never learned to count beyond ten.

Then, after a long time, the tall old clock chimed, *ding-dong, ding-dong!* a great many times.

"Ha!" Raggedy Ann said, half out loud, "it will not be long now!"

So Raggedy Ann smoothed out her pretty white apron and ran her rag hand through her yarn hair and smiled her cheery painted smile, expecting every moment to hear Santa give his cheery chuckle as he popped down the chimney.

But Raggedy Ann still had a long time to wait.

The tall clock tic-tocked away, very lazily, until the hour hand traveled around its face twice, then its tuneful *ding-dong, ding-dong* told that it was two o'clock.

Raggedy Ann must have dozed away, for at first she was scarcely aware of a tiny, tinkling sound; it seemed far away, but presently it grew louder and Raggedy Ann wiped the sleepy dust from her shoe-button eyes and looked steadily at the fireplace.

At first a flurry of snow came sweeping down the chimney and melted as it struck the warm hearth; then Raggedy Ann saw two shiny boots, then two legs, then a round little tummy, and last the smiling face of dear old Santa.

Santa took his large sack from his back and it was surprising to see how quickly it grew until it almost filled the room. For, as you know, Santa's sack is a very wonderful, magical sack—small enough to let him slide down a very small chimney with it, yet such a remarkable sack that it can contain hundreds of toys. And so Santa's sack grew and grew, and old Raggedy Ann sat and beamed her cheery smile.

Santa took out lovely toys and placed them about the fireplace. There were pretty books, filled with wonderful pictures, a little sewing machine, a box of water-color paints

and a drawing book and, oh! many more presents. But the nicest of all was a beautiful doll, with short golden curls; she was dressed in flowered silk and satin.

Santa placed the lovely doll upon a little chair, then he started to strap up his magical sack, but stopping to consider a moment, he put his chubby finger beside his nose and said, "Now, let's see!" Then he undid his wonderful sack and put the little chair back and took out a doll's baby buggy.

It was of white willow with cretonne cushions in it, and rubber-tired wheels.

Santa put the lovely new doll in the carriage and was just about to whisk up the chimney when he turned and looked at Raggedy Ann.

"I almost forgot that time, didn't I, Raggedy Ann?"

And Raggedy Ann smiled and replied, "Almost, Santa!"

For, when Raggedy Ann had seen that Santa was about to go she had thought, "My, Santa has forgotten to leave any candy!" And Santa, being such a remarkable and wonderful old soul, could hear Raggedy Ann's thoughts as well as if she had spoken out loud.

So Santa had to undo his sack again and put candy in all the stockings.

He could not fill the puppydogs' paper stockings with candy but he left a puppydog collar for each puppydog.

Then he walked over and picked up Raggedy Ann and looked her over very carefully. "I just wanted to see if you had any rips, or tears in you, old Raggedy Ann!" he said. Then, seeing a place in Raggedy Ann's back which had been sewed up, he said, "Of course, I know why that is there, Raggedy Ann. It is where the Wishing Pebble is sewed in. But I wish to put something else in beside the Wishing Pebble!"

So Santa, with a quick snip of his knife, ripped the stitches and put a piece of red hard-candy inside the cotton

stuffing of Raggedy Ann, right beside the Magical Wishing Pebble. Then Santa said, "Hokus pokus!" and the hole was completely sewed tight again, just as good as new.

Santa, with a chuckle placed Raggedy Ann in the doll carriage beside the lovely new doll.

Then with a cheery, whispered "Merry Christmas to all" he whisked up the chimney and climbed into his sleigh.

Raggedy Ann could hear the tinkling of the sleigh bells on the reindeer as they sped away into the night. She looked at the tall old clock and saw that all Santa's visit had taken only a second; still, it seemed as if he had been in the room fifteen, or twenty minutes.

"But then," Raggedy Ann thought, "it isn't so surprising after all, for dear old Santa has so many children to visit, he has to do everything in a magically short time."

Raggedy Ann felt the new doll wiggle just a little.

"I hope that I am not crowding you!" Raggedy Ann said in her soft cottony voice.

Instead of replying, the lovely new doll gave Raggedy Ann a push which sent her tumbling out of the doll-carriage.

Raggedy Ann's shoe-button eyes hit the floor with a click and her loppy rag legs doubled up over her head.

Raggedy Ann was so surprised that she just stayed in that position until Uncle Clem, who had been peeping through the hall doors, came running in and picked her up and stood her upon her feet.

All the other dolls came running in after Uncle Clem and looked up at the new doll in a hurt and surprised manner.

"Why, why, why!" was all Uncle Clem could say as he stood with his arm around Raggedy Ann, looking up at the lovely new doll.

"We thought you were so lovely, when we saw Santa put you there," Uncle Clem finally managed to say, "but when you were so rude to Raggedy Ann, it spoiled your loveliness. For no one can be pretty who does ill-mannered things."

Just then, down the chimney came another flurry of snow and as the dolls drew back, Santa appeared again.

Without a word, Santa picked up the lovely new doll

and stuffed her, head first into one of his large pockets, then, picking up Raggedy Ann, he placed her in the doll's carriage where the lovely doll had been.

"There," Santa said, "that is much better! Very much better! Do you know?" he asked of the dolls, "I thought this lovely new doll would just fit into this group of nice, kind dolls, but I know, now, that one of my little elfin workmen must have put the wrong sort of stuffing into her. Now I must take her back, for I would not dare make a present of such a selfish creature to any nice little girl."

So with another cheery "Merry Christmas to all!" he disappeared up the chimney again.

So, in the early morning, long before daylight, Marcella came scampering downstairs and with happy cries looked upon the array of gifts.

And, when she saw dear old loppy Raggedy Ann, lying in the pretty new doll-carriage, she said, "Oh, Mama and Daddy! I asked Santa for a lovely new doll and I dreamed, last night, that he brought me one, but really and truly, Mama and Daddy, I think dear old Raggedy Ann is much more lovable than all the new dolls!"

And Marcella said this so loudly that the dolls, upstairs in the nursery, heard her. So Uncle Clem grabbed Raggedy Andy and whispered, "Whee! Doesn't Santa know just what is best!" And with this, Uncle Clem kicked his heels so high in the air, both he and Raggedy Andy turned a back flip-flop and knocked Henny, the Dutch doll, over on his back.

And Henny, in his thin, quavery voice cried, "Mama!"

THE CHEEPY BIRDS

PERHAPS if Marcella had taken the dolls with her, when she went to the country to visit Gran'ma for a week, the Cheepy Birds would never have made the acquaintance of the dolls.

But Marcella had left all the dolls at home, for she knew that, with all the snow on the ground, she would spend most of her time coasting.

And when one is coasting, it is great bother to have all of one's little children along.

So Marcella went with Mama out to Gran'ma's and left the dolls, nice and cozy, tucked in their beds. "For," Marcella told them, "while we are away for a week, the house may get cold, and if you are in your nice beddies, you will be warm and comfy!"

As soon as Marcella and her Mama had gone, the dolls all hopped out of bed, for they knew they would have the house all to themselves.

They played all kinds of games: slid down the banisters and ran from the top step of the stairway and gave great jumps to see which one could roll and bounce over and over and reach the bottom first.

Of course, the dolls with the china heads could not do

this, for they would have broken their pretty heads. But Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Beloved Belindy and Uncle Clem and Frederika and Henny and the Raggedy Animals were made of cloth and stuffed with either soft white cotton or sawdust, so they just hit the steps with soft bumps and nothing could break.

Then, when all the dolls had run into the living-room and had played upon the piano by jumping up and down on the keys, Beloved Belindy said, "The other day while I was down in the kitchen with Dinah, the cook, I saw her take something out of a paper sack and fix it in an iron kettle, and when it came out of the iron kettle, it was all fluffy and looked like snow turned inside out!"

"Oh! I know what it was, Beloved Belindy," Raggedy Ann said. "It was pop-corn."

"Do you know where Dinah, the cook, keeps the paper bag, Beloved Belindy?" Henny asked.

And when Beloved Belindy said, "Yes!" Henny suggested, "Let's all go out in the kitchen and help Beloved Belindy fix the pop-corn!"

So out into the kitchen the dolls scampered. Uncle Clem boosted Raggedy Andy up, so that he could take the paper sack from the nail where it hung.

"Now!" Beloved Belindy said, as she pulled out an ear of pop-corn, "We must take each of these little pieces off!"

So all the dolls helped shell the pop-corn and when they had a lot of the grains of corn shelled from the cob, Beloved Belindy lit the gas and put the iron kettle over the fire. Then they put the shelled pop-corn in the kettle and waited.

Pretty soon one of the kernels popped; then Beloved Belindy stirred them around with a large spoon, as she had seen Dinah, the cook, do. Beloved Belindy forgot that Dinah had covered the kettle with a piece of newspaper and left the end of the spoon sticking up through a small

hole in the newspaper. This kept the pop-corn from hopping out of the kettle.

So, as soon as Beloved Belindy began stirring the corn, it started popping at a lively rate and the fluffy pop-corn flew around the kitchen like snow and hail. Beloved Belindy hopped from the stove to the floor and she and all the other dolls tried to catch the grains of pop-corn as they came popping out of the kettle and fell down towards the floor.

When all the grains in the kettle had popped, Henny wanted Beloved Belindy to pop some more, but Raggedy Ann said, "No, I do not believe we should waste the pop-corn. Marcella and her Mama like to eat pop-corn and when we pop it, we must throw it away, so they will not see what we have been doing. So, you see, we are really wasting the pop-corn."

The dolls, knowing that Raggedy Ann had a candy heart and wished to have as much fun as any of them, decided that she was right. So there was nothing to do, but to sweep up the pop-corn and throw it away.

But, as they started doing this, Raggedy Andy said, "Oh, wait a minute, everybody! I have just thought of something."

"Whee!" all the dolls cried, excitedly. "Raggedy Andy has just thought of something! Tell us what it is, Raggedy Andy."

"I was just thinking that, as the ground is covered with snow, all the seeds are covered, too, and the little Cheepy Birds must have a hard time finding anything to eat. So let's open the door and see if they will eat the pop-corn; then we won't be wasting it!"

So Uncle Clem opened the kitchen door, and all the dolls ran out upon the kitchen porch. There was not a Cheepy Bird in sight, but Cleety, the clown, saw a tiny hole running down into the snow.

"What do you 'spect that is, Raggedy Andy?" Cleety asked.

"Ha!" Raggedy Andy replied, as he looked closely at the tunnel in the snow bank. "Look there, Cleety!" he said, as he pointed at the footprints in the snow. "Those are the little footprints of the tiny field-mice."

"They would love the pop-corn!" Raggedy Ann cried. "Let us give the pop-corn to the field-mice."

So Cleety called down into the tunnel and Grandpa Field-mouse poked his little head up and put on his spectacles. "Well! Good morning!" he said in a squeaky voice.

"Would you field-mice like a lot of white, fluffy pop-corn?" Raggedy Andy asked.

"I don't know what white, fluffy pop-corn is," Grandpa Field-mouse answered, "but if it is good to eat, we would like it. It is very hard to find food now, and the snow has been on the ground so long that we have eaten up almost all of our winter stores!"

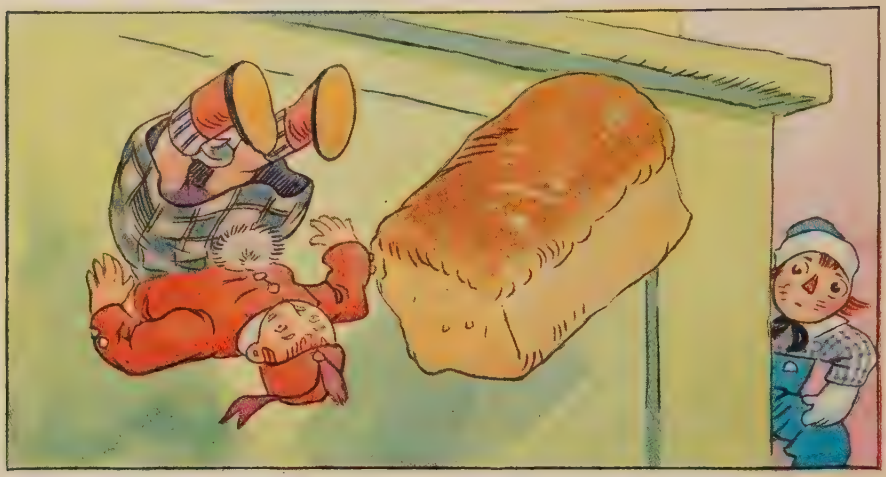
So Raggedy Andy ran into the house and brought out some of the pop-corn for Grandpa Field-mouse to taste. "Yum-yum-yum!" Grandpa cried. "That is very, very good!"

So the dolls all helped carry out the pop-corn and piled it near the little tunnel in the snow. Grandpa Field-mouse squeaked down into the tunnel and all the field-mice came out to help carry the pop-corn away.

When the last grain had disappeared down the tunnel, Charlie Cheepy Bird flew to the grape-arbor and twitted, "What is going on down there, Raggedy Ann?"

"We had a lot of pop-corn and we gave it to the field-mice. We tried to find you and the other Cheepy Birds, but as you were not around, we have given the last grain away!"

"I'm sorry that we Cheepy Birds did not get some if it was good to eat," Charley Cheepy Bird said. "The snow



covers up everything and we go to bed hungry, every night. And it isn't nice to go to bed hungry, when it is so cold!"

"Indeed, it isn't!" Uncle Clem said. "Just wait a moment, Charley Cheepy Bird!" And Uncle Clem ran into the kitchen and climbed onto the kitchen cupboard. He opened a large tin box and looked inside.

Then the dolls all heard a loud thump and a bang, and as they ran into the kitchen, they saw Uncle Clem upon the floor; beside him was a loaf of stale, hard bread.

"If we put the loaf of bread out upon the porch, the snow will drift over it and cover it up!" Raggedy Ann said. "Let's break up enough so the Cheepy Birds will have a nice dinner; this afternoon, we can break up more so they can have a nice supper. Then they won't have to go to bed hungry!"

So that is what the dolls did. They broke off pieces of the bread and soaked the crumbs in water and fed these to the Cheepy Birds.

The Cheepy Birds came in flocks to eat the bread and their little stomachs soon stuck out like little toy balloons.

Each day, morning and evening, a flock of hungry

Cheepy Birds came to the kitchen porch and were fed by the dolls.

So, when Dinah came to open the house and get things ready for the folks, she was startled by the scritchings and scratchings and cheepings out on the back porch, and when

she went to see, there were hundreds of the little Cheepy Birds waiting for the dolls to feed them.

But the dolls could not feed the Cheepy Birds while Dinah was there.

Now Dinah knew just what the Cheepy Birds were after, for she had been feeding the Cheepy Birds around her home all the time the snow was on the ground.

"I'll jes' soak up one of the stale loaves of bread from the bread-box and scatter it out for them Cheepy Birds!" Dinah said out loud to herself. But when she looked in the bread-box and saw that the bread had disappeared, all except one little piece, she looked all about the kitchen and nodded her head in a knowing way. " 'Spect I don't know how much bread was left in dat box, do you? 'Spect I don't? Well, I does, dat's what! and I knows there's been something goin' on around here! Yassah! And dat's why dem Cheepy Birds is a-scitterin' and a-scatterin' around out dar!"

And Dinah shook her head and looked toward the stairs leading up to the nursery; then she moistened the bread and scattered the crumbs out on the back porch.

And all the Cheepy Birds cried, "Here's Beloved Belindy come to feed us!" And they twittered and laughed and had their morning meal, just as if the dolls had fed them.

And every morning and evening, when the snow was on the ground, Dinah did not forget to feed the Cheepy Birds on the kitchen porch.

The dolls could hear the Cheepy Birds talking as they picked up the bread-crumbs and they were glad to know that Dinah was taking good care of their cheery little friends.

"For," said Raggedy Ann, "when one has all he wants himself, he is quite likely to forget those who are not so fortunate. And how much happier it makes us, when we share our good fortune with others!"

Do You Know

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